

CATILINE

HIS

CONSPIRACY.

VVRITTEN

BY

BEN: IONSON.

And now Acted by his MAJESTIES Servants
with great Applause.

*His non Plebecula gaudet.
Verum Equitis quoq; iam migravit ab aure voluptatis
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana.*



LONDON:

Printed by N. Oakes, for I.S.
1635.

CATLINE

HIS

CONSPIRACY

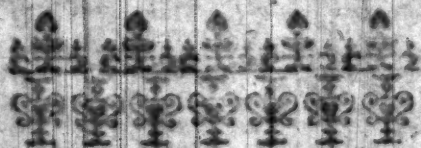
VV R I T T E N

BY

BEN JONSON

And now Acted by his Masters
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Omnia, et incerta oculis, & cordibus
I canis Epitaphi quod jam insignitum est ante columbas
His non Theatralia gaudet.



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1632.
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TO THE READER IN
ORDINARY.

THe Muses forbid, that I should restraine your meddling, whom I see already busie with the Title, and tricking o-ver the leaues: It is your owne. I departed with my right, when I let it first abroad. And now, so secure an Interpreter I am of my chance, that neither praise, nor dispraise from you can affect me. Though you commend the two first Actes, with the people, because they are the worst; and dislike the Oration of Cicero, in regard you read some pieces of it, at Schoole, and understand them not yet; I shall finde the way to forgine you. Be any thing you will be, at your owne charge. Would I had deseru'd but halfe so well of it in Translation, as that ought to deserue of you in judgment, if you haue any. I know you will pretend (whosoener you are) to haue that, and more. But all pretences are not iust claimes. The commendation of good things may fall within a many, their approbation but in a few, for the most commend out of affection, selfe-tickling, an easinesse, or imitation: but men judge onely out of Knowledge. That is the trying faculty. And, to those workes that will beare a Iudge, nothing is more dangerous then a foolish praise. You wil say I shal not haue yours, therefore; but rather the contrary, all vexation of Censure. If I were not aboue such molestations now, I had great cause to think unworthily of my studies, or they had so of me. But I leane you to your exercise. Beginne.

To the Reader extraordinary.

YOU I would understand to be the better Man, though Places in Court go otherwise: to you I submit my selfe, and Worke. Farewell.

To my friend Mr. Ben. Ionsen, upon
his *Catiline*.

IF thou hadst itch'd after the wild applause
Of common people, and hadst made thy Lawes
In writing, such, at catch'd at present voice,
I should commend the thing, but not thy choise.
But thou hast squar'd thy rules, by what is good;
And art three Ages yet, from understood:
And (I dare say) in it, there lies much Wit
Lost, till thy *Readers* can grow up to it.
Which they can nere out-grow, to find it ill,
But must fall backe againe, or like it still.

Franc. Beaumont.

To his worthy friend Mr. Ben. Ionsen.

HE that dares wrong this Play, it should appeare
Dares utter more, then other men dare beare,
That haue their wits about' hem: yet such men,
Deare friend, must see your Book, and read, & then,
Out of their learned ignorance, cry ill,
And lay you by, calling for mad *Pasquill*,
Or *Greene's* deare *Groat's-worth*, or *Tom Coryate*,
The new *Lexicon*, with the errant Pate:
And picke away, from all these severall ends,
And durty ones, to make their as-wise friends
Beleive they are Translators. Of this pitty,
There is a great plague hanging o're the Citty:

Vnlesse she purge her judgement presently.

But, O thou happy man, that must not die
As these things shall: leaving no more behind

But a thin memory (like a passing Wind)
That blowes, and is forgotten, ere they are cold.

Thy labours shall out live thee; and, like gold
Stamp't for continuance, shall be current, where

There is a Sunne, a People, or a Yeare.

John Fletcher.

To his worthy beloved Friend Master

BEN. IONSON.

HAd the great thoughts of *Catiline* beene good

The memory of his name, streame of his blood,

His plots past into acts, (which would haue turn'd

His infamy to Fame, though *Rome* had burn'd)

Had not begot him equall grace with men,

As this, that he is Writ by such a Pen;

Whose inspirations, if great *Rome* had had,

Her good things had bin better'd, and her bad

Vndone; the first for joy, the last for feare,

That such a *Muse* should spread them, to our eare.

But woe to us then: for thy Laureat brow

If *Rome* enjoy'd had, we had wanted now.

But, in this Age, where Iigs and Dances moue,

How few there are, that this pure worke approue!

Yet, better then I rayle at, thou canst scorne

Censures, that dye, ere they be throughly borne.

Each Subject thou, still thee each Subject raises

And whosoever thy Booke, himselfe dispraises.

Nat. Field.

THE



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Vollesse

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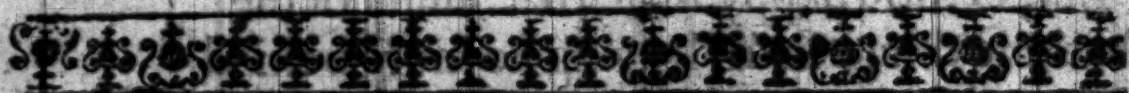
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Nat. Field



The names of the Actors.

SYLLA'S Ghost.

CATILINE.
LENTULVS.
CETHEGVS.
CURIUS.
AUTRONIUS.
VARGUNTEIUS.
LONGINVS.
LECCA.
FVLVIUS.
BESTIA.
GABINIUS.
STALILIUS.
CEPARIUS.
CORNELIUS.
VOLTURTIUS.
AVRELIA.
FVLVIA.
SEMPRONIA.
GALEA.

CICERO.
ANTONIUS.
CATO.
CATVLVS.
CRASSVS.
CÆSAR.
QU. CICERO.
SYLLANVS.
FLACCVS.
POMTINIUS.
SANGA.
SENATORS.
ALLOBROGES.
PETREIUS.
SOLDIERS.
PORTER.
LICTORS.
SERVANTS.
PAGES.

CHORVS.

CATILINE.

ACT. j.

(Enter SYLLA's Ghost.)

DOst not feele me *Rome*? not yet? is night
So heavy on thee, and my weight so light?
Can *Sylla's* Ghost arise within thy Walls,
Lesse threatning then an earth-quake, the quicke fals
Of thee, and thine? shake not the frighted heads
Of thy steep towers? or shrink to their first beds?
Or, as their ruine the large *Tyber* fills,
Make that swel up, and drown thy seven proud hils?
What sleep is this doth seize thee, so like Death,
And is not it? Wake, feele her, in my breath:
Behold, I come, sent from the *Stygian* sound,
As a dire Vapor, that had cleft the ground,
T'ingender with the night, and blast the day:
Or like a Pestilence, that should display
Infection through the world: which, thus, I do.
Pluto be at thy Councils, and into
Thy darker bosome enter *Sylla's* spirit:
All, that was mine, and bad, thy brest inheric.
Alas, how weake is that, for *Catiline*!
Did I but say (vaine voice!) all that was mine?
All, that the *Gracchi*, *Cinna*, *Marins* would:
What now, had I a body againe, I could,
Comming from Hell; what fiends would wish should be:
And *Hannibal* could not haue wish'd to see:
Thinke thou, and practise. Let the long-hid seeds
Of treason, in thee, now shoot forth in deeds,
Ranker then horror: and thy former facts
Not fall in mention, but to urge new acts:
Conscience of them provoke thee on to more.
Be still my Incests, Murders, Rapes before

CATILINE.

Thy fence ; thy forcing first a *Vestall* Nunne,
 Thy parricide, late, on thine owne naturall Son,
 After his Mother, to make empty way
 For thy last wicked Nuptials ; worse, then they,
 That same that act of thy incestuous life,
 Which got thee, at once, a *Daughter*, and a *Wife*.
 I leave the slaughters, that thou didst for me,
 Of *Senators* ; for which, I hid for thee
 Thy murder of thy Brother, (being so brib'd)
 And writ him in the list of my proscrib'd
 After thy fact, to save thy little shame :
 Thy incest, with thy Sister, I not name.
 These are too light. *Fate* will have thee pursue
 Deedes, after which no Mischiefe can be new ;
 The ruine of thy *Country* : Thou wert built
 For such a worke, and borne for no lesse guilt :
 What thou defeated once th' hast beene, and knowne
 Tempt it againe ; that is thy act, or none.
 What all the severall Ills, that visite earth,
 (Brought forth by night, with a sinister birth)
 Plagues, Famine, Fire could not reach unto,
 The Sword, nor Surfets ; let thy fury doe :
 Make all past, present, future ill thine owne ;
 And conquer all example, in thy one.
 Nor let thy thought finde any vacant time
 To hate an old, but still a fresher crime
 Drowne the remembrance ; Let not mischief cease,
 But, while it is in punishing, encrease.
 Conscience, and care die in thee : And be free
 Not Heav'n it selfe from thy impiety :
 * Let Night grow blacker with thy plots ; and Day,
 At shewing but thy head forth, start away
 From this halfe-*Sphere* : and leave *Romes* blinded walls
 • T'imbrace lusts, hatred, slaughters, funerals,
 And not recover sight, till their owne flames
 Doe light them to their ruines. All the names
 Of thy Confederates, too, be no lesse great
 In hell, then here : That, when we would repeate
 Our strengths in Muster, we may name you all,
 And *Furies*, upon you, for *Furies*, call.

Whilst

CATILINE.

Whilst, what you doe, doth strike them into feares,
Or make them grieve, and wish your mischief theirs.

CATILINE.

ITis decree'd. Nor shall thy Fate, oh *Rome*,
Resist my vow. Though Hills were set on Hills,
And Seas met Seas, to guard thee: I would through:
I, plucke up rockes, steepe as the *Alpes* in dust,
And lave the *Tyrrhene* waters into cloudes:
But I would reach thy head, thy head, proud *Citty*:
The ills, that I have done, cannot be safe
But by attempting greater: and I feele
A spirit, within me, chides my sluggish hands,
And sayes, they have beene innocent too long.
Was I a Man, bred great, as *Rome* her selfe?
One, form'd for all her honours, all her glories?
Equall to all her Titles? That could stand
Close up with *Atlas*, and sustaine her name
As strong, as he doth Heav'n? And, was I,
Of all her brood, mark'd out for the repulse:
By her no voice, when I stood *Candidate*,
To be Commander in the *Ponticke* warre?
I will hereafter call her Stepdame, ever.
If shee can loose her nature, I can loose
My piety; and in her stony entrailes
Digge me a seate: where I will live againe,
The labour of her wombe, and be a burden
Weightier then all the Prodigies, and Monsters,
What shee hath teem'd with, since she first knew *Mars*.

CATILINE, AURELIA.

WHo's there? **AUR.** Tis I. **CAT.** *Aurelia*?
AUR. Yes. **CAT.** Appere,
And breake, like day, my beauty, to this circle:
Upbraide thy *Phœbus*, that he is so long
In mounting to that point, which should give thee
Thy proper splendour. Wherefore frownes my sweete?
Have I too long beene absent from these lips,
This cheek, these eyes? what is my trespass? speake.
AUR. It seemes you know, that can accuse your selfe.
CAT. I will redeeme it. **AUR.** Still you say so. When?

CATILINE.

CAT. When *Orestilla*, by her bearing well
These my retirements, and stolne times for thought,
Shall give their effects leave to call her *Queene*
Of all the world, in place of humbled *Rome*.

AVR. You court me now. CAT. As I would alwayes, Love
By this *Ambrosiacke* kisse, and this of *Nectar*,
Wouldst thou but heare as gladly, as I speake.
Could my *Aurelia* thinke, I meant her lesse;
When, wooing her, I first remov'd a Wife,
And then a Sonne, to make my bed, and house
Spatious, and fit t' embrace her? These were deeds
Not t' have begunne with, but to end with more,
+ And greater: "He that, building, staves at one
"Floore, or the second, hath erected none.
"Twas how to raise thee, I was meditating:
To make some act of mine answer thy love:
That love, that, when my state was now quite sunke,
Came with thy wealth, and weigh'd it up againe,
And made my emergent Fortune once more looke
Above the waine, which, now shall hit the starres,
And sticke my *Orestilla*, there amongst 'hem,
If any tempest can but make the billow,
And any billow can but lift her greatnesse.
But I must pray my love, she will put on
Like habites with my selfe. I have to doe
With many men, and many natures. Some
That must be blowne, and sooth'd, as *Lentulus*,
Whom I have heav'd, with magnifying his blood
And a vaine dreame, out of the *Sybil's* bookes,
That a third man, of that great familie
Whereof he is descended, the *Cornelius*,
Should be a King in *Rome*: which I have hir'd
The flatt'ring *Augures* to interpret him,
Cinna, and *Sylla* dead. Then bold *Cethegus*,
Whose valour I have turn'd into his poyson,
And prais'd so into daring, as he would
Goe on upon the Gods, kisse lightning, wrest
The engine from the *Cyclop's*, and give fire
At face of a full cloude, and stand his ire,
When I would bid him move. Others there are
Whom

C A T I L I N E.

Whom envy to the state drawes, and puts one,
 For contumelies receiv'd, (and such are sure ones)
 As *Curius*, and the forenam'd *Lentulus*,
 Both which have beene degraded, in the *Senate*,
 And must have their disgraces still, new rubb,
 To make 'hem smart, and labour of revenge.
 Others, whom meere ambition fires, and dole
 Of *Provinces* abroad, which they have faind
 To their crude hopes, and I as amply promis'd:
 These, *Lecca*, *Vargunteius*, *Bestia*, *Anthronius*,
 Some whom their wants oppresse, as th' idle Captaines
 Of *Silla's* troops; and divers *Roman* Knights
 (The profuse walters of their patrimonies)
 So threatned with their depts, as they, will now,
 Runne any desperate fortune for a change.
 These, for a time, we must releeve, *Aurelia*,
 And make our house the safe-guard. Like, for those,
 That feare the Law, or stand within her gripe,
 For any act past, or to come. Such will
 From their owne crimes, be factious, as from ours.
 Some more there be, slight *Ayrelings*; will be won,
 With dogs, and horses; or, perhaps, a whore;
 Which must be had: And, if they venter lives,
 For us, *Aurelia*, wee must hazard honors
 A little. Get thee store, and change of women,
 As I have boys; and give 'hem time and place,
 And all conniuece: Bethy selfe, too, courtly;
 And entertaine, and feast, sit up, and revell;
 Call all the great, the faire, and spinted *Dames*
 Of *Rome* about thee, and beginne a fashion
 Of freedome, and community. Some will thanke thee,
 Though the sower *Senate* frowne, whose heads must ake
 In feare and feeling too. Wee must not spare
 Or cost, or modesty. It can but shew
 Like one of *Iuno's*, or of *Iove's* disguises
 In eyther thee, or mee; and will as soone,
 When things succeed, be throwne by, or let fall;
 As in a vaile put off, a visor chang'd,
 Or the *Scene* shifted, in our *Theaters*.
 Who's that? it is the voyce of *Lentulus*.

CATILINAE

AVR. Or of *Cethegus*. CAT. In, my faire *Aurelia*, med W
And thinke upon these arts: they must not see,
How farre you are trusted with these privacies;
Though, by their shoulders, necks, and heads, you rise.

LENTULVS. CETHEGVS. CATILINE.

+ It is, mee thinks, a Morning, full of Fate.
It riseth slowly, as her follen care
Had all the weights of sleepe, and death hung at it.
She is not rosy-fingered, but swolne blacke.
Her face is like a water, turnd to blood,
And her sicke head is bound about with clouds,
As if shee threatned night, ere noone of day.
It does not looke, as it would have a *Hayle*
Or *Health*, wish'd in it, as on other Mornes.

CET. Why, all the fitter, *Lentulus*: Our comming
Is not for salvation, wee have businesse.

CAT. Said noble, brave *Cethegus*, Wher's *Antonius*?

CET. Is he not come? CAT. Not here. CET. Nor *Vargunteius*?

CAT. Neither. CET. A fire in their beds, and bosomes,

That so will serve this sloth, rather then vertue.

They are no *Romans*, and at such high need

As now. LEN. Both they, *Longinus*, *Lecca*, *Curius*,

Fulvius, *Gabinus*, gave me word, last night

By *Lucius*, *Bestia*, they would all be here,

And earely. CET. Yes. As you, had I not cald you.

+ Come, wee all sleepe, and are meere *Dormice*; Flies,

A little lesse then dead: More' dulnesse hangs

One us, then one the Morne. W'are spirit-bound,

In ribs of ice; our whole bloods are one stone;

And Honour cannot thaw us: nor our wants,

Though they burne, hot as fevers, to our states.

CAT. I muse they would be tardy, at an houre

Of so great purpose. CAT. If the Gods had call'd

Them, to a purpose, they would just have come

+ With the same Tortoyse speed, that are thus slow

To such an action, which the Gods will envy.

As asking no lesse meanes, then all their powers

Conjoyn'd, t'effe it. I would have seene Rome burn'd

By this time: and her ashes in an Urne.

CATILINE.

The *Kingdome* of the *Senate*, rent a sunder;
 And the degenerate, talking *Gowne*, ranne frighted,
 Out of the ayre of *Italy*. CAT. Spirit of men!
 Thou, heart of our great enterprise! how much
 I love these voyces in thee! CET. O the daies
 Of *Sylla's* sway, when the free sword tooke leave
 To act all that it would! CAT. And was familiar,
 With entrailles, as our *Augures*! CET. Sonnes kild Fathers,
 Brothers their Brothers. CAT. And had price and praise.
 All hate had licence given it; all rage raynes.
 CET. Slaughter bestrid the streets, and stretch'd himsef
 To seeme more huge; whilst to his slayned thighs
 The gore he drew flow'd up: and carried downe
 Whole heapes of limbes, and bodies, through his arch.
 No age was spar'd, no Sexe. CAT. Nay, no degree.
 CET. Not Infants, in the porch of life were free.
 The Sick, the Old, that could but hope a day
 Longer, by natures bounty, not let stay.
 Virgins, and Widdowes, Matrons, pregnant Wives,
 All dyed. CAT. 'Twas crime enough, that they had lives.
 To stricke but onely those, that could doe hurt,
 Was dull, and poore. Some fell to make the number
 As some the prey. CET. The rugged *Charon* fainted, &
 And ask'd a navie rather then a boat,
 To ferry over the sad World that came:
 The mawes, and dennes of beasts could not receive
 The bodies, that those foules were frighted from;
 And e'en the graves were filld with men yet living,
 Whose sight, and feare had mix'd them, with the dead.
 CAT. And this shall be againe, and more, and more,
 Now *Lentulus*, the third *Cornelius*,
 Is to stand up in *Rome*. LEN. Nay, urge not that
 Is so uncertaine. CAT. How! LEN. I meane, not clear'd
 And therefore, not to be reflected on.
 CAT. The *Sybill's* leaves uncertaine? or the *Comments*
 Of our grave, deepe, divining men not cleare?
 LEN. All Prophecies, you know, suffer the torture.
 CAT. But this, already, hath confess'd without.
 And so beene weigh'd, examin'd, and compar'd,
 As 'twere malicious ignorance in him,

Would

CATILINE.

Would faint in the beleefe. LEN. Doe you beleeeve it?

CAT. Doe I love *Lentulus*? or pray to see it?

LEN. The *Augures* all are constant, I am meant. (Cinna.

CAT. They had lost their science else. LEN. They count from

CAT. And *Sylla* next, and so make you the third;

All that can say the Sunne is ris'n, must thinke it.

LEN. Marke me more of late, as I come forth.

CAT. Why, what can they doe lesse? *Cinna* and *Sylla*

Are fet, and gone: And we must turne our eyes

On him that is, and shines. Noble *Cethegus*,

+ But view him with me, here: He lookes, already,

As if he shooke a Scepter, o're the *Senate*,

And the aw'd purple dropt their rods, and axes.

The Statues melt againe; and household Gods

In grones confesse the travaile of the Citty:

The very walles sweat blood before the change,

And stones start out to ruine, ere it comes.

CET. But he, and we, and all are idle still.

LEN. I am your creature, *Sergius*: And what ere

The great *Cornelian* Name shall winne to be,

It is not Augury, nor the *Sybils* Bookes,

But *Catiline* that makes it. CAT. I am shadow

To honor'd *Lentulus*, and *Cethegus* here,

Who are the heires of *Mars*. CET. By *Mars* himselfe.

Catiline is more my parent: for whose vertue

Earth cannot make a shadow great enough,

Though *Envie* should come too. O, there they are.

Now we shall talke more, though we yet doe nothing.

A V T H R O N I V S, V A R G V N T E I V S, L O N G I N V S,

C V R I V S, L E C C A, B E S T I A, F V L V I V S,

G A B I N I V S, &c.

HAile *Lucius Catiline*. V A R. Haile noble *Sergius*.

L O N. Haile *Publius Lentulus*. C V R. Haile the third *Cor-*

L E C. *Caius Cethegus* haile. C E T. Haile sloth, & words, (*Lucius*.

Instead of Men, and Spirits. CAT. Nay, deare *Caius*;

C E T. Are your eyes yet unfeel'd? Dare they looke day

In the dull face? CAT. Hee's zealous, for the affaire,

And blames your tardy comming, Gentlemen.

C E T. Unless we had sold our selves to sleepe, and ease,

And

C A T I L I N E I T A C T

And would be our slaves slaves. CAT. Pray you forbear.
 CET. The North is not so starke, and cold. CAT. *Cedregus*?
 BES. Shall we redeeme all, if your fire will let us.
 CAT. You are too full of lightning, noble *Cains*.
 Boy, see all doores be shut, that none approach us;
 On this part of the house. Go you, and bid
 The Priest, he kill the slave I mark'd last night;
 And bring me of his blood, when I shall call him.
 Til then, waite all without. VAR. How is't, *Antonius*? (thing?
 AVT. *Longinus*? LON. *Curius*? CVR. *Lecca*? VAR. Feele you no-
 LON. A strange, unwonted horroure doth invade me,
 I know not what it is! LEC. The day goes backe,
 Or else my senses! CVR. As at *Atreus* feast!
 FVL. Darkenes growes more & more! LEN. The *Vestal* flame
 I think be out. CAB. What grone was that? CET. Our fancies,
 Strike fire out of our selves, and force a day.
 AVT. Againe it sounds! BES. As all the City gave it!
 CET. We feare what our selves faine. VAR. What light is this?
 CVR. Look forth. LEN. It still grows greater. LEC. Fro whence
 LON. A bloody arme it is that holds a pine (comes it?
 Lighted, above the *Capitoll*: And now;
 It waves unto us. CAT. Brave, and omenous
 Our enterprise is seal'd. CET. In spite of darkenesse,
 That would discountenance it. Looke no more;
 We loose time, and our selves: To what we came for,
 Speake *Lucius*, we attend you. CAT. Noblest *Romans*,
 If you were lesse, or that your faith, and vertue
 Did not hold good that title, with your blood,
 I should not, now, unprofitably spend
 My selfe in words, or catch at empty hopes,
 By ayrie waies, for solide certainties.
 But since in many, and the greatest dangers,
 I still have knowne you no lesse true, then valiant,
 And that I tast, in you, the same affections,
 To will, or nill, to thinke things good, or bad,
 Alike with me: (which argues your firme friendship)
 I dare the boldlier, with you, set on foote,
 Or leade unto this great, and goodliest action.
 What I have thought of it afore, you all
 Have heard apart; I then exprest my zeale

CATILINE.

Unto the glory; Now, the neede enflames me:
 When I fore-thinke the hard conditions,
 Our states must undergoe, except, in time,
 We doe redeeme our selves to liberty,
 And breake the yron yoake, forg'd for our necks,
 For, what lesse can we call it? when wee see
 The Common-wealth engros'd so by a few,
 The Giants of the state, that doe, be times,
 Enjoy her, and defile her. All the earth,
 Her Kings, and *Tetrarchs*, are their tributaries;
 People, and Nations pay them houely stipends:
 The riches of the world flowes to their coffers,
 And not to *Romes*. While (but those few) the rest,
 How ever great we are, honest, and valiant,
 Are hearded with the vulgar; and so kept,
 As we were onely bred, to consume corne,
 Or weare out wooll, to drinke the Cities water:
 Ungrac'd, without authority, or marke,
 Trembling beneath their rods, to whom, (if all
 Were well in *Rome*) we should come forth bright axes.
 All Places, Honors, Offices are theirs;
 Or where they will confer hem: they leave us
 The dangers, the repulses, judgements, wants;
 Which how long wil you beare molt valiant spirits?
 Were we not better to fall, once, with vertue,
 Then draw a wretched, and dishonor'd breath
 To loose with shame, when these mens pride will laugh?
 I call the faith of Gods and men to question;
 The power is in our hands; our bodies able;
 Our minds as strong; O'th' contrarie, in them,
 All things growne aged, with their wealth, and yeares.
 There wants, but onely to beginne the businesse,
 The issue is certaine. *CAT. LON. On, Let us goe on. (Soule,*
CVR. BES. Go on, braue Sergius. CAT. It doth strike my
(And, who can scape the stroke, that hath a soule,
Or, but the smallest ayre of Man within him?)
 To see them swell with treasure, which they poure
 Out i' their riots, eating, drinking, building,
 I, i' the sea: planting of Hills with Valleys;
 And rayfing Vallies above Hills, whilst wee

Have not, to give our Bodies Necessaries.
 They ha' their change of Houses, Manors, Lordships:
 We scarce a fire, or poore household.
 They buy rare *Attick* statues, *Tyrian* hangings,
Ephesian pictures, and *Corinthian* plate,
Attalike garments, and, now new-found Gemmes:
 Since *Pompey* went for *Asia*: which they purchase
 At price of provinces. The River *Phasis*
 Cannot afford them Fowle; nor *Lucrine* Lake
 Oysters enow: *Cerrei*, too, is search'd
 To please the witty Gluttony of a meal:
 Their ancient Habitations they neglect,
 And set up new: Then, if the Echo like not
 In such a roome, they pluck downe those, build newer,
 Alter them too: and by all franticke waies,
 Vexe their wild wealth, as they molest the people,
 From whom they force it: Yet they cannot tame,
 Or overcome their riches: Not, by making,
 Bathes, Orchards, Fish-pooles, letting in of seas,
 Here; and, then there, forcing 'hem out againe,
 With mountaynous heaps: For which the earth hath lost
 Most of her ribbes, as entrayles, being now
 Wounded no lesse for Marble, then for Gold.
 We, all this while, like calme, benum'd Spectators,
 Sit, till our seats doe cracke, and doe not heare
 The thundring ruines, whilst, at home, our wants,
 Abroad, our debts do urge us, our states daily
 Bending to bad, our hopes to worse: and, what
 Is left, but to be crush'd? Wake, wake brave Friends,
 And meeete the liberty you oft have wish'd for.
 Behold, renowne, riches, and glory court you.
 Fortune holds out these to you, as rewards.
 Me thinks (though I were dumbe) th' affaire it selfe
 The opportunity, your needs, and dangers,
 With the brave spoile the warre brings, should invite you.
 Use me your Generall, or Souldier: Neither,
 My Minde, nor Body shall be wanting to you.
 And being *Consul*, I not doubt t'effect,
 All that you wish: If Trust not flatter me,
 And you had, rather, still be slaves, then free.

CATILINE. A D

CET. Free free. **LOH.** Iis freedome. **CVR.** Freedome we all stand
CAT. Why, these are noble voices. Nothing wants then, (for.
 But that wee take a solemne *Sacrament*,
 To strengthen our designe. **GR.** And so to act it.
 Differing hurts, where powers are most prepar'd.
AVT. Yet, ere wee enter into open act,
 (With favour) 't were no losse, if 't might be enquir'd
 What the Condition of these Armes would be. **(Friends!**
VAR. I, and the meanes to carry us through. **CAT.** How,
 + Thinke you, that I would bid you graspe the winde?
 Or call you to th'embracing of a cloude?
 Put your knowne valours one so deare a businesse,
 And have no other second then the Danger,
 Nor other Gyrllond then the losse? Become
 Your owne assurances. And, for the meanes,
 Consider, first, the starke security
 The common wealth is in now: the whole *Senate*
 Sleepy, and dreaming no such violent blow:
 Their forces all abroad, of which the greatest,
 That might annoy us most, is fardest off,
 In *Asia*, under *Pompey*: Those neere hand,
 Commanded, by our friends; one army in *Spaine*,
 By *Cneus Piso*: th' other in *Mauritania*,
 By *Nucerinus*: both which I have firme,
 And fast unto our Plot. My selfe, then, standing
 Now to be *Consul*: with my hop'd Colleague
Caius Antonius, one no lesse engag'd
 By his wants then wee: and whom I have power to melt,
 + And cast in any mould. Beside, some others
 That will not yet be nam'd, (both sure and Great ones)
 Who, when the time comes, shall declare themselves,
 Strong, for our party, so that no resistance
 In nature can be thought. For our reward, then:
 First, all our Debts are paid, Dangers of Law,
 Actions, Decrees, Judgements against us quitted:
 The rich Men, as in *Sylla's* times prescribd,
 And Publication made of all their goods:
 That House is yours: That Land is his: Those Waters,
 Orchards, and walks a thirds: He has that Honor,
 And he that Office. Such a Province falls

To

C A T I L I N A

To *Vargunteus*: This to *Anronius*: That
 To bold *Cethegus*: *Rome* to *Dentulus*:
 You share the World, here *Magistrates*, *Priest-hoods*,
 Wealth, and Felicity amongst you, Friends,
 And *Cailline* your servant. Would you, *Curius*,
 Revenge the Contumelie stuck upon you,
 In being remov'd from the *Senate*? Now,
 Now is your time. Would *Publius Lentulus*,
 Strike, for the like disgrace? Now, is his time.
 Would stout *Longinus* walke the streets of *Rome*,
 Facing the *Prator*? Now, is his time
 To spurne, and treade the *Patres* under
 Made of the *Vsurers*, and the *Eschient* braines.
 Is there a Beauty, here in *Rome*, you love?
 An Enemy you would kill? What dead's not yours?
 Whose Wife, which Boy, whose Daughter, of what race,
 That th' Husband, or glad Parents shal not bring to you,
 And boasting of the office? Oh my spare me, and
 Your selues, and you have all the earth besides
 A field, to exercise your longings in.
 I see you rais'd, and reade your forward minds
 High, i' your faces. Bring the wine, and blood
 You have prepar'd there. *Lon.* How can I have kill'd a slave,
 And of his blood caus'd to be mixt with wines
 Fill every man his bowle. There cannot be
 A fitter drinke, to make this *Sanction* in.
 Here, I beginne the *Sacrament* to all.
 O, for a clap of thunder now, as loud,
 As to be heard through-out the *Universe*,
 To tell the world the fact, and to applaude it.
 Be firme, my hand; not shed a drop: but poure
 Fircenesse into me, with it; and feele thirst
 Of more, and more: Till *Rome* be left as blood-lesse,
 As euer her feares made her, or the sword.
 And, when I leave to with this to thee, *Stepdame*,
 Or stop, to effect it, with my powers fainting;
 So may my blood be drawne, and so drunke up
 As is this slaves. *Lon.* And so be mine. *Lon.* And mine.
Avr. And mine. *Var.* And mine. *Cet.* Crowne me my bowle
 Here, I doe drinke this, as I would doe *Cet.* yet fuller.

CATILINE.

Or the new fellow *Cicero's* with that yow:
Which *Catiline* hath given: *Cyr.* So doe *Ly...*
LEC. And *L. Bes.* And *L. Ful.* And *L. Gab.* And all of us
CAT. Why, now 's the busines safe, and each man strengthened.
Sirah, what aile you? *PAC.* Nothing. *Bes.* Somewhat modest.
CAT. Slave, I will strike your soule out with my foote;
Let me but finde you againe with such a face:
You Whelp. *Bes.* Nay *Aucim!* *CAT.* Are you coying it,
When I command you to be free, and generall
To all? *Bes.* You'le be observ'd. *CAT.* Arise, and shew
But any least aversion in your looke
To him that bourds you next, and your throat opens.
Noble Confederates, thus farre is perfect:
Onely your suffrages I will expect.
At the assembly for the choosing *Consuls,*
And all the voices you can make by friends
To my election. Then let me worke out
Your fortunes, and mine owne. Meane while, all rest
Seal'd up, and silent, as when rigid frosts
Have bound up Brookes, and Rivers, forc'd wild beasts
Unto their caves, and birds into the woods,
Clownes to their houses, and the countrey sleepes;
That when the suddaine thaw comes, we may breake
Upon 'hem like a deluge, bearing downe
Halfe *Rome* before us, and invade the rest
With cries, and noise able to make the Urnes
Of those are dead, and make their ashes feare.
"The horrors that doe strike the world, should come
"Loud, and unlook'd for: Till they strike the dumber
CET. Oraculous *Sergius!* *Let God-like Catiline.*

CHORVS.

Nothing great, and at the height
Remaine so long? but its owne weight
Will raine it? Or is't blind Chance,
That still desires new States t'advance,
And quit the old? Else why must *Rome*
Be by it selfe, now overcome?
Hath she not foes now of those,
Whom she hath made fush, and enclose

Her

CATILINE.

Her round about? Or, are they none,
Except she first become her owne?
O wretchednesse of greatest States,
To be obnoxious to these Fates;
That cannot keepe, what they doe gaine;
And what they raise so ill sustaine.
Rome, now is Mistresse of the whole
World, Sea, and Land, to either Pole:
And even that Fortune will destroy
The power that made it. Shee doth joy
So much in plenty, wealth, and ease,
As now, th'excesse is her disease.

Shee builds in gold: And to the Starres:

As if shee threatned Heav'n with warres,
And seekes for Hell, in quaries deepe,
Giving the fiends, that there doe keepe,
A hope of day: Her Women weare
The spoiles of Nations, in an eare, +
Chang'd for the treasure of a shell;

And in their loose attires, doe swell
More light then failes, when all windes play:
Yet, are the men more loose then they,
More kemb'd, and bath'd, and rub'd, and trim'd,
More sleek'd, more soft, and slacker limb'd,
As prostitute: so much, that kinde
May seeke it selfe there, and not finde.

They eate on beds of filke, and gold,
At yvorie tables, or, wood fold
Dearer then it: and leaving plate,
Doe drinke in stone of higher rate.
They hunt all grounds, and draw all seas,
Foule every brooke, and bush, to please
Their wanton tastes: and in request
Have new, and rare things: not the best.

Hence comes that wild, and vast expence,
That hath enforc'd Romes vertue thence,
Which simple poverty first made,
And now ambition doth invade
Her state, with eating avarice,
Riot, and every other vice.

CATILINE

Decrees are bought, and Lawes are sold,
Honours, and Offices for gold,
The peoples voices: And the free
Tongues, in the Senate, bribed be
Such ruine of her manners *Rome*
Doth suffer now, as shee's become
(Without the Gods it soone gaine-say)
Both her owne spoyler, and owne prey,
So *Asia*, art thou cru'ly even
With us, for all the blowes thee given:
When we, whose vertue conquer'd thee,
Thus by thy vices ruin'd be.

A. C. T. I. j.

FVLIA, GALLA,

SERVANT.

THose Roomes doe smell extremely: Bring my glasse,
And table hither, *Galla*. *GAL.* Madam. *FVL.* Looke
Within, i' my blew Cabinet, for the pearle
I had sent me last, and bring it. *GAL.* That from *Clodius*?
FVL. From *Caius Caesar*. But you are for *Clodius* still.
Or *Curius*. Sirrha, if *Quintus Curius* come, say
I am not in fit mood; I keepe my Chamber.
Give warning so, without. *GAL.* Is this it, Madam.
FVL. Yes, helpe to hang it in mine eare. *GAL.* Believe me,
It is a rich one, Madam. *FVL.* I hope so. I hope so.
It should not be worn there else. Make an end,
And bind my haire up. *GAL.* As 'twas yesterday?
FVL. No, nor that other day. When knew you me
Appear two dayes together, in one dressing?
GAL. Will you hit the globe, or spire? *FVL.* How thou wilt
Any way, so thou wilt doe it, good Impertinence.
Thy company, if I slept not very well
A nights, would make me an errant foole, with questions.
GAL. Alas Madam. *FVL.* Nay gentle halfe o' the Dialogue, cease.
GAL. I doe it, indeede, but for your exercise,
As your Phisitian bids me. *FVL.* How? Does he bid you

CATILINE

To anger me for exercise? GAL. Not to anger you,
 But stirre your blood a little; There's difference
 Betweene luke-warme, and boyling, Madam. Fv. To
 Shee meanes to cooke me, I thinke. Pray you ha done.
 GAL. I meane to dresse you Madam. Fv. O my friend,
 Be friend to me! Offring at wit too? Why, Gallathea (done
 Where hast thou bin? GAL. Why, Madam? Fv. What hast thou
 With thy poore innocent selfe? GAL. Wherefore sweet Madam?
 Fv. Thus to come forth, so suddainly, a wit-worme?
 GA. It pleases you to flout one. I did dreame
 Of Ladie *Sempronia*. Fv. G, the wonder is out,
 That did infect thee? Well, and how? GAL. Me thought,
 Shee did discourse the best. Fv. That ever thou heardst?
 GA. Yes. Fv. I thy sleepe? Of what was her discourse?
 GA. Of the *Republicke*, Madam, and the State,
 And how she was in debt, and where she meant
 To raile fresh summes; Shee a great States-woman, I dame,
 Fv. Thou dreamst all this? GA. No, but you know she is
 And both a Mistresse of the *Latine* tongue,
 And of the *Greeke*. Fv. I, but I never dreamt it Gallathea,
 As thou hast done, and therefore you must pardon me.
 GA. Indeede you mocke me Madam. Fv. Indeede, no,
 Forth with your learned Ladie; Shee has a wit, too.
 GA. A vene masculine one. Fv. A shee *Criticke*, Gallathea,
 And can compose, in verse, and make quick jests,
 Modest, or otherwise? GA. Yes Madame. Fv. She can sing too?
 And play on Instruments? GA. Of all kinds they say.
 Fv. And doth dance rarely? GAL. Excellent. So well
 As a bald *Senator* made a jest and said
 Twas better, then an honest woman neede.
 Fv. Tut, she may bare that. Few wise womens honesties
 Will doe their courtship butt. GAL. Shee's liberal too, Madam.
 Fv. What of her money, or her honor, pray thee?
 GAL. Of both, you know not which she doth spare least.
 Fv. A comely commendation. GAL. Troth, tis pittie
 She is in yeares. Fv. Why Gallathea? GAL. For it is.
 Fv. is that all? I thought thou hadst had a reason.
 GA. Why so I have. Shee has beene a fine Ladie,
 And, yet, shee dressees herselfe, (except you Madame)
 One o'the best in *Rome*; and paints and hides

CATILINE

Her decayes very well. FVL. They say, it is
 Rather a visor, then a face she weares.
 GAL. They wrong her verily Madam, shee do's sleeke
 With crums of bread, and milke, and lies a nights
 In as neate gloves. But shee is faine of late
 To seeke, more then shee's sought to (the fame is)
 And so spends that way. FVL. Thou know'st all. But *Galla*.
 What say you to *Carilines* Lady, *Orestilla*?
 There is the Gallant. GAL. Shee does well. Shee has
 Very good futes, and very rich: but then,
 Shee cannot put 'hem on. Shee knowes not how
 To weare a garment. You shall have her all
 Jewels, and gold sometimes, so that her selfe
 Appeares the least part of her selfe. No in troth,
 As I live, Madam, you put 'hem all downe
 With your meere strength of judgement; and doe draw, too,
 The world of *Rome* to follow you: you attire
 Your selfe so diversly, and with that spirit,
 Still to the noblest humors. They could make
 Love to your dresse, although your face were away, they say.
 FVL. And body too, and ha'the better match on't?
 Say they not so too, *Galla*? Now! what newes
 Travailes your count'nance with? SER. If it please you, Madam
 The Ladie *Sempronia* is lighted at the gate. (you.
 GAL. *Castor*, my dreams, my dreame. SER. And comes to see
 GAL. For *Venus* sake, good Madam see her. FVL. Peace,
 The foole is wild, I thinke. GAL. And heare her talke,
 Sweet Madam, of State-matters, and the *Senate*.

SEMPRONIA, FVLVIA, GALLA

F*lvia*, good wench, how dost thou? FVL. Wel, *Sempronia*,
 Whither a e you thus early adrest? SEM. To see
Aurelia Orestilla. Shee sent for me.
 I came to call thee, with me; wilt thou goe?
 FVL. I cannot now, in troth, I have some letters
 To write, and send away. SEM. Alas I pittie thee.
 I ha'beene writing all this night, (and am
 So very wearie) unto all the Tribes,
 And Centuries, for their voyces, to helpe *Cariline*,
 In his election. We shall make him Consul

CATILINE

I hope, amongst us. *Crassus*, I, and *Caesar*
Will carry it for him. *FVL.* Does he stand for't?

SEM. He is the chiefe *Candidate*. *FVL.* Who stands beside?
Give me some wine, and poulder for my teeth.

SEM. Here's a good pearle in troth. *FVL.* A prettie one.

SEM. A very orient one. There are Competitors,

Caius Antonius, *Publius Galba*, *Lucius*,

Cassius, *Longinus*, *Quintus Cornificius*,

Caius Licinius, and that talker, *Cicero*.

But *Catiline*, and *Antonius* will be chosen.

For foure of the other, *Licinius*, *Longinus*,

Galba and *Cornificius* will give away,

And *Cicero* they will not choose. *FVL.* No? Why?

SEM. It will be cross'd by the Nobility.

GAL. How he does understand the comon busines!

SEM. Nor were it fit. He is but a new fellow,

An In-mate here in *Rome* (as *Catiline* calls him)

And the *Patricians* should doe very ill,

To let the Consul-ship be so desir'd

As 'twould be, if he obtain'd it? A meere upstart,

That has no pedigree, no house, no coate,

No ensignes of a family? *FVL.* He has vertue.

SEM. Hang vertue, where there is no blood: tis vice

And in him saucineffe. Why should he presume

To be more learned, or more eloquent,

Then the Nobility? or boast any quality

Worthy a Noble man, himselfe not noble?

FVL. 'Twas vertue onely, at first made all men noble.

SEM. I yeeld you, it might at first, in *Romes* poore age;

When both her Kings, and Consuls held the plough, +

Or garden'd well: But now we haue no need

To digge, or loose our sweat for't. We haue wealth,

Fortune, and ease, and then their stocke to spend on,

Of Name, for Vertue, which will beare us out

Gainst all new commers, and can neuer faile us,

While the succession stayer. And we must glorifie +

A Musbrome? one of yesterday? a fine speaker?

Cause he has suck'd at *Athens*? and advance him,

To our owne losse? No *Fulvia*; there are they

Can speake Greeke too, if neede were. *Caesar* and I

CATILINE

Have fate upon him; so hath *Crassus* too; and others. We have all decreed his rest,
 For rising farder. *GAL.* Excellent rare Ladie! *FVL.* *Sempronia*, you are beholden to my woman, here.
 She does admire you. *SEM.* O good *Galla*, how dost thou?
GAL. The better for your learned Ladiship.
SEM. Is this grey poulder, a good Dentifrice?
FVL. You see I use it. *SEM.* I have one is whiter.
FVL. It may be so. *SEM.* Yet this smells well. *GAL.* And cleanses
 Very well, Madam, and resists the crudities.
SEM. *Fulvia*, I pray thee, who comes to thee now?
 Which of our great *Patricians*? *FVL.* Faith, I keepe
 No Catalogue of 'hem. Sometimes I have one,
 Sometimes another, as the toy takes their bloods.
SEM. Thou hast them all. Faith, when was *Quintus Curius*,
 Thy speciall servant, heere? *FVL.* My speciall servant?
SEM. Yes, thy Idolater, I call him. *FVL.* He may be yours,
 If you doe like him. *SEM.* How! *FVL.* He comes not here,
 I have forbid him hence. *SEM.* *Venus* forbid! (rather.
FVL. Why? *SEM.* Your so unconstant Lover. *FVL.* So much the
 I would have change, So would you too, I am sure,
 And now you may have him. *SEM.* Hee's fresh yet, *Fulvia*:
 Beware, how you doe tempt me. *FVL.* Faith, for me,
 He is somewhat too fresh indeed. The salt is gone,
 That gave him season. His good gifts are done.
 He does not yeeld the crop that he was wont.
 And for the act, I can have secret fellowes,
 + With backs worth ten of him, and shall please me
 (Now that the Land is fled) a myriade better.
SEM. And those one may command. *FVL.* Tis true, These Lor-
 Your noble *Faunes*, they are so imperious, saucy,
 Rude, and as boystrous as *Centauries*; leaping
 A Ladie at first sight. *SEM.* And must be borne
 Both with, and out, they thinke. *FVL.* Tut, He observe
 None of 'hem all: nor humor 'hem a jot
 Longer, then they come laden in the hand,
 And say, here's st'one, for th'tother. *SEM.* Does *Cesar* give well?
FVL. They shall all give, and pay well, that come here
 If they will have it; and that jewels, pearle,
 Plate, or round summes, to buy these. I am not taken
With

CATILINE.

With Cob-Swan, or a high-mounting Bull,
As foolish *Leda*, and *Europa* were,
But the bright gold with *Dana*. For such price, 4
I would endure, a rough, hard *Jupiter*,
Or ten such thundring gamesters; and refraine
To laugh at 'hem, till they are gone, with my much suffering.

SEM. Th'art a most happy wench, that thus canst make
Use of thy youth, and freshnesse in the season:
And hast it to make use of. FVL. (Which is the happinesse.)

SEM. I am now faine to give to them, and keepe
Musicke, and a continuall Table, to invit 'hem.

FVL. Yes, and they studie your kitchen, more then you:

SEM. Eate my selfe out with usurie, and my Lord too,
And all my officers, and friends beside;

To procure monies, for the needfull charge
I must be at, to have 'hem: And yet scarce

Can I atchieue 'hem so. Fv. Why, that's because
You affect yong faces onely, and smooth chinnes,

Sempronia. If you'd love beards, and bristles,

(One with another, as others doe) or wrinkles—

Who's that? Looke *Galla*. GA. Tis the partie Madam.

FVL. What party? Has he no name? GA. Tis *Quintus Curius*.

Fv. Did I not bid 'hem say, I kept my chamber?

GA. Why, so they doe. SEM. I leave you *Fulvia*.

Fv. Nay, good *Sempronia*, stay. SEM. In Faith, I will not.

Fv. By *Juno*, I would not see him. SEM. Ile not hinder you.

GA. You know, he will not be kept out, Madam. SEM. No.

Nor shall not, carefull *Galla*, by my meanes.

Fv. As I doe live *Sempronia*. SEM. What needs this?

Fv. Goe, say, I am asleepe, and ill at ease.

SEM. By *Castor*, no; Ile tell him, you are awake;

And very well, Stay *Galla*. Farewell *Fulvia*:

I know my mann. rs. Why doe you labour thus,

With action against purpose? *Quintus Curius*,

She is yfaith here, and in disposition.

FVL. Spight, with your courtesie. How shall I be tortur'd!

CURIVS, FVLVIA, GALLA.

W Here are you faire one, that conceale your selfe,
And keepe your beautie within locks, and barres here,

C ATILIN E.

Like a fooles treasure? FVL. True she was a foole,
 When, first, she shew'd it to a theefe. CVR. How pretty fullennes!
 So harsh and short? FVL. The fooles Artillery, sir.
 CVR. Then take my gowne off, forth' encounter. FVL. Stay sir.
 I am not in the moode. CVR. Ile put you into't.
 FVL. Best, put your selfe, i' your case againe, and keepe
 Your furious appetite warme, against you have place for't.
 CVR. What! doe you coy it? FVL. No sir. I am not proud.
 CVR. I would you were. You, thinke this state becomes you?
 By *Herculus*, it does not. Looke i' your glasse, now,
 And see, sciruely that countenance shewes;
 You would be loth to owne it. FVL. I shall not change it.
 CVR. Faith, but you must; and slacke this bended brow:
 And shoot lesse scorne: there is a *Fortune* comming
 Towards you, Dainty, that will take thee, thus,
 And set thee aloft, to tread upon the head
 Of her owne statue here in *Rome*. FVL. I wonder,
 Who let this Promiser in? Did you, good *Diligence*?
 Give him his bribe, againe. Or if you had none,
 Pray you demand him, why he is so ventrous,
 To presse, thus, to my chamber, being forbidden
 Both, by my selfe, and servants? CVR. How! this's handsome!
 And somewhat a new straine! FVL. Tis not straine'd, Sir.
 Tis very naturall. CVR. I haue knowne it otherwise,
 Betweene the parties, though. FVL. For your fore-knowledge,
 Thanke that, which made it. It will not be so,
 Hereafter, I assure you. CVR. No, my Mistresse?
 FVL. No though you bring the same materials. CVR. Heare me,
 You overact when you should underdoe.
 A little call your selfe againe, and thinke.
 If you doe this practice on me or finde
 At what forc'd distance you can hold your servant;
 That it be an artificiall trick, to enflame,
 And fire me more fearing my loue may need it,
 As, heretofore, you ha' done; why, proceede.
 FVL. As I ha' done heretofore? CVR. Yes, when you'd faine
 Your husbands jealousy, your servants watches,
 Speake softly and runne often to the dore;
 Or to the windore, forme strange feares that were not;
 As if the pleasure were lesse acceptable,

CATILINE.

That were secure. **FVL.** You are an impudent fellow.

CVR. And, when you might better haue done it, at the gate, to
To take me in at the casement. **FVL.** I take you in?

CVR. Yes, you my Lady, And, then, being a bed with you,
To have you well taught wayter, here, come running,
And cry, her Lord, and hid him without cause,
Crush'd in a chest, or thrust up in a chimney.

When he, tame Crow, was winking at his Farme;
Or, had beene here, and present, would haue kept
Both eyes, and beake seal'd up, for sixe *sesterces*.

FVL. You have a slanderous, beastly, unwash'd tongue,
I your rude mouth, and savouring your selfe,
Un-manner'd Lord. **CVR.** How now! **FVL.** It is your title, Sir.

Who (since you ha' lost your good name and know not
What to loole more) care not, whose honor you wound,
Or fame you poyson with it. You should goe,

And vent your selfe i' the region, where you live,
Among the Suburbe-Brothels, Bands, and Brokers,
Whither your broken fortunes have design'd you.

CVR. Nay, then I must stop your furie, I see; and plucke
The Tragicke visor off. Come, Lady *Cypris*,
Know your owne vertues, quickly. Ile not be

Put to the woing of you thus, afresh,
At every turne, for all the *Venus* in you.

Yeeld, and be pliant; or by *Pollux*—How now?
Will *Lais* turne a *Lucrece*? **FVL.** No, but by *Castor*,
Hold off your Ravishers hands, I pierce your heart, else.

Ile not be put to kill my selfe, as she did
For you sweet *Tarquine*. What? doe you fall off?
Nay, it becomes you graciously. Put not up.

You'll sooner draw your weapon on me, I thinke it,
Then one the *Senate*, who have callt you forth
Disgracefully, to be the common tale

Of the whole *Citty*: base, infamous Man:
For, were you other, you would there imploy
Your desperate danger. **CVR.** *Fulvia*, you doe know

The strengths you have upon me: Doe not use
Your power too like a Tyrant: I can bare,
Almost till you breake me. **FVL.** I doe know Sir,

So does the *Senate*, too, know, you can beare,

CVR.

CATILINE.

CVR. By all the Gods, that *Senate* will smart deepe
For your upbraidings. I should be right sorry
To have the meanes so to be veng'd on you,
(At least, the will) as I shall shortly on them.
But, goe you on still: Fare you well, deare Ladie;
You could not still be faire unlesse you were proud.
You will repent these moods, and ere't be long, too.

I shall ha' you come about againe, FVL. Doe you thinke so?

CVR. Yes, and I know so. FVL. By what Augury?

CVR. By the faire Entrailes of the Matrons chests,
Gold, Pearle, and Jewels, here in *Rome*, which *Fulvia*
Will then (but late) say that she might have shar'd.

And, grieving, misse. FVL. Tut, all your promis'd Mountaines,
And Seas, I am so stately acquainted with----

CVR. But, when you see the universall flood
Runne by your coffers; that my *Lords*, the *Senators*,
Are sold for slaves, their Wives for bond-women,
Their Houses, and fine Gardens given away,
And all their goods under the *Speare*, at out-cry,
And you have none of this; but are still *Fulvia*,
Or perhaps lesse, while you are thinking of it.

You will advise then, Coyneffe, with your cushion,
And looke o' your fingers; say, how you were wish'd;
And so, he left you. FVL. Call him agen *Galla*:

This is not usuall, something hangs on this;
That I must winne out of him. CVR. How now, melt you?

FVL. Come you will laugh, now at my easinesse?
But, tis no miracle; Doves, they say, will bill,
After their pecking, and their murmuring. CVR. Yes,

And then tis kindly. I would have my Love
Angry, sometimes, to sweeten off the rest
Of her behaviour. FVL. you doe see, I study

How I may please you, then. But you thinke, *Curius*,
Tis covetise hath wrought mee If you love me
Change that unkinde conceit. CVR. By my lou'd soule,

I love thee, like to it; and tis my studie,
More then my owne revenge, to make thee happy.

FVL. And tis that just revenge doth make me happy
To heare you prosecute: and which, indeed,
Hath wonne me, to you, more then all the hope

CATILINA

Of what can else be promis'd. I love valour
Better, then any Ladie loves her face,
Or dressing : then my selfe does. Let me grow
Still, where I doe embrace. But what good meanes

Ha' you t' effect it? Shall I know your project?

CVR. Thou shalt, if thou'lt be gracious. FVL. As I can be.

CVR. And wilt thou kisse me then? FVL. As close as shels
Of Cockles meet. CVR. And print 'hem deep? FVL. Quite through
Our subtle lips. CVR. And often? FVL. I will sow 'hem,
Faster then you can reape. What is your plot?

CVR. Why, now my *Fulvia* lookes, like her bright name,
And is her selfe. FVL. Nay, answere me, your plot:

I pray thee tell me *Quintus*. CVR. I, these sounds
Become a Mistresse. Here is harmony.

When you are harth, I see, the way to bend you
Is not with violence, but service. Cruell,

A Ladie is a fire, gentle, a light.

FVL. Will you not tell me; what I aske you? CVR. All,
That I can thinke, sweete Love, or my breast holds,

Ile poure into thee. FVL. What is your designe then?

CVR. Ile tell thee: *Catiline* shall now be *Consul*:

But you will heare more shortly. FVL. Nay, deare Love.

CVR. Ile speake it, in thine armes: Let us goe in.

Rome will be sack'd, her wealth will be our prize,

By publique ruine, private spirits must rise.

CHORVS.

Great Father Mars, and greater Jove,
By whose high auspice, Rome hath stood
So long, and first was build in blood
Of your great Nephew, that then strove
Not with his brother, but your Rites:

Be present to her now, as then,
And let not proud and factious Men
Against your wills oppose their mights.
Our Consuls, now are to be made:
O, put it in the publique voice
To make a free and worthy choice:
Excluding such as would invade
The Common-wealth. Let whom we name

CATILINE.

Have wisdom, foresight, fortitude,
 Be more with faith, then face endur'd,
 And study conscience, above fame.
 Such, as not seeks to get the start
 In State, by power, parts, or bribes,
 Ambition's bandes; but move the Tribes
 By vertue, modesty, desert.
 Such as to justice will adhere,
 What ever great one it offend,
 And from th'embraced truth not bend
 For envie, hatred, gifts, or feare.
 That by their deedes will make it knowne,
 Whose dignity they doe sustaine;
 And life, state, glory, all they gaine,
 Count the Republicques, not their owne.
 Such the old Bruti, Decij were,
 The Cipi, Curtij, who did give
 Themselves for Rome: And would not live,
 As men, good, onely for a yeare.
 Such were the great Camilli too,
 The Fabij, Scipio's, that still thought
 No worke at price enough, was bought,
 That for their Countrey they could doe.
 And to her honour, so did knit;
 As all their acts were understood
 The sinewes of the Publique good:
 And they themselves, one soule with it.
 These men were truly Magistrates;
 These neither practis'd force, nor formes,
 Nor did they leave the helme in stormes:
 And such they are make happy States.

Act. iij.

CICERO, CATO, CATVLVS,
 ANTONIVS, CRASSVS, CAESAR,
 CHORVS, LICTORS.

Great Honors are great burdens: But on whom
 They are cast with envy, he doth beare two loads.

CATILINE.

His care must still be double to his joyes,
 In any Dignitie; where if he erre,
 He findes no pardon: and for doing well
 A small praise, and that wrung out by force.
 I speake this, *Romanes*, knowing what the weight
 Of the high charge, you have trusted to me, is.
 Not that thereby I would with art decline
 The good, or greatnesse of your benefit:
 For I ascribe it to your singular grace
 And vow, to owe it to no title else,
 Except the Gods, that *Cicero* is your *Consul*.
 I have no Urnes, no dusty Monuments,
 No broken images of Ancestors,
 Wanting an eare, or nose: no forged tables
 Of long descents, to boast false honours from:
 Or be my undertakers to your trust,
 But a new Man (as I am stil'd in *Rome*)
 Whom you have dignified: and more, in whom
 You have cut away, and left it open for vertue
 Hereafter, to that place, which our Great men
 Held shut up, with all rampires, for themselves.
 Nor have but few of them in time beene made
 Your Consuls so; New men, before me, none:
 At my first suite, in my just yeare, prefer'd
 To all Competitors, and some the noblest. (have
Caes. Now the vaine swels. *Caes.* Up glory. *Cic.* And to
 Your loud consents, from your owne utter'd voyces,
 Not silent bookes, nor from the meaner tribes,
 But first, and last, the universall concourse.
 This is my joy, my gladnesse. But my care,
 My industrie, and vigilance now must worke:
 That still your counsell of me approv'd,
 Both by your selves, and those, to whom you have,
 With grudge prefer'd me: Two things I must labour,
 That neither they upbraid, nor you repent you.
 For every lapse of mine will now be call'd
 Your error, if I make such. But my hope is,
 So to beare through, and out the Consulship,
 As fright shall ne're wound you, though it may me.
 And for my selfe, I have prepar'd this strength,

CATILINE

To doe so well, as if there happen ill
Unto me, it shall make the Gods to blush,
And be their crime, not mine, that I am envi'd.

CAES. O confidence ! more new, then is the Man !

CIC. I know well, in what termes I doe receive
The Common-wealth, how vexed, how perplex'd :
In which there is not that mischief, or ill fate,
That good men feare not, wicked men expect not.

I know, beside, some turbulent practises
Already on foote, and rumours of more dangers.

CRA. Or you will make them, if there be none. Cic. Last.
I know't was this, which made the envie, and pride
Of the great *Roman* blood bate, and give way
To my election. CAT. *Marcius Tullius*, true :

Our neede made thee our Consull, and thy vertue.

CAES. *Cato*, you will undoe him with your praise.

CAT. *Cesar* will hurt himselfe, with his owne envie.

CHO. The voyce of *Cato* is the voyce of *Rome*.

CAT. The voyce of *Rome* is the consent of Heaven ;
And that hath plac'd thee *Cicero* at the helme,
Where thou must render, now thy selfe a Man,

+ And Master of thy art. Each pettie hand
Can steere a ship becalm'd : but he that will
Governe, and carrie her to her ends, must know
His tides, his currents, how to shift his sailes :

What she will beare in foule, what in faire weathers :

Where her springs are, her leakes, and how to stop hem ;

What sands, what shelves, what rockes to threaten her ;

The forces, and the natures of all winds,

Gusts, stormes, and tempests, when her keele ploughs hell,

And decke knocks Heaven : then, to manage her

Becomes the name, and office of a Pilot.

CIC. Which Ile performe, with all the diligence,

And fortitude I have : not for my yeare,

+ But for my life ; except my life be lesse,

And that my yeare conclude it : if it must,

Your will lov'd Gods. This heart shall yet employ

A day, an houre is left me, so for *Rome*.

As it shall spring a life out of my death,

To shine for ever glorious in my facts :

CATILINE.

"The vicious count their yeares, vertuous their acts.

CHO. Most noble Consul ! Let us waite him home.

CAES. Most popular Consul he is growne, me thinkes.

CRA. How the rout cling to him! CAES. And Cato leads' hem?

CRA. You, his colleague. *Antonius*, are not look't on.

ANT. Not I, nor doe I care. CAES. He enjoyes rest,

And ease the while : Let th' others spirit toyle,

And wake it out, that was inspir'd for turmoyle.

CATV. If all reports be true, yet *Caius Caesar*,

The time hath neede of such a watch, and spirit :

CAES. Reports ? Doe you beleewe 'hem *Catulus*,

Why, he does make, and breed 'hem for the people;

T'endear his service to 'hem. Doe you not tast

An art that is so common? *Popular* men,

They must create strange Monsters, and then quell 'hem;

To make their Arts seeme something. Would you have

Such an *Herculean* Actor in the Scene,

And not his *Hydra* ? They must sweat no lesse

To fit their properties, then t' expresse their parts.

"CRA. Treasons and guiltie men are made in States

"Too oft to dignifie the Magistrates.

"Those States are wretched, that are forc'd to buy

"Their Rulers fame, with their owne infamy.

CRA. We therefore should provide that ours doe not.

CAES. That will *Antonius* make his care. ANT. I shall.

CAES. And watch the watcher. CATV. Here comes *Catiline*.

How does he brooke his late repulse? CAES. I know not.

But hardly sure. CAT. *Longinus* too, did stand?

CAES. At first : But he gave way unto his friend.

CATV. Who's that come? *Lentulus*? CAES. Yes. He is againe

Taken into the Senate. ANT. And made *Prætor*.

CAT. I know't. He had my suffrage, next the Consuls.

CAES. True, you were there, Prince of the Senate then.

CATILINE, ANTONIVS, CATVLVS,

CAESAR, CRASSVS, LONGI-

NVS, LENTVLVS.

HAyle noblest *Romanes*. The most worthy Consul,

I gratefully salute your Honor. ANT. I could wish

It had beene happier, by your fellowship,

CATILINE.

Most noble *Sergius*, had it pleas'd the people.

CATI. It did not please the Gods; Who instruct the people
And their unquestion'd pleasures must be serv'd.
They know what's fitter for us, then our selves;
And 'twere impietie, to thinke against them.

CATV. You beare it rightly, *Lucius*; and, it glads me,
To finde your thoughts so even, CATI. I shall still
Studie to make them such in *Rome*, and Heaven.
I would withdraw with you, a little, *Julius*.

CAES. Ile come home to you: *Crassus* would not ha' you
To speake to him, 'fore *Quintus Catulus*.

CATI. I apprehend you. No, when they shall judge
Honors convenient for me, I shall have 'hem
With a full hand: I know it. In meane time,
They are no lesse part of the Common-wealth,
That doe obey, then those, that doe command.

CATV. O, let me kisse your forehead, *Lucius*. (port.
How are you wrongd! CATI. By whom? CATV. Publicke re-
That gives you out, to stomacke your repulse;
And brooke it deadly. CATI. Sir: she brookes not me
Beleeve me rather, and your selfe, now, of me;
It is a kinde of slander, to trust rumour.

CATV. I know it. And I could be angrie with it.

CATI. So may not I. Where it concernes himselfe,
Who's sangry at a slander, makes it true.

CATV. Most noble *Sergius*, this your temper melts me.

CRA. Will you doe office to the Consull *Quintus*?

CAES. That *Cato*, and the Rout have done the other?

CATV. I waite, then he will goe, Be still your selfe.
He wants no hate, or honors; that hath vertue.

CATI. Did I appeare so tame, as this man thinks me?
Look'd so poore, so dead? So like that nothing

Which he calls vertuous? O my breast, breake quickly;
And shew my friends my in-parts, lea't they thinke

I have betraid 'hem. LON. Wher's *Gabinus*? LEN. Gone.

LON. And *Vargunteius*? LEN. Slipt away; all shrunke:

Now that he mist the Consul-ship. CATI. I am

The icorne of bond-men; who are next to beasts.

What can I worse pronounce my selfe, that's fitter?

4 The Owle of *Rome*, whom Boyes, and Girles will hout:

That

CATILINE.

That were I set up, for that Wooden God,
That keeps our Gardens, could not affright the Crowes,
Or the least Bird from muting one my head.

LON. Tis strange how he should misse it. LEN. Is't not stranger
The upstart *Cicero* should carrie it so,
By all consents, from men so much his Masters?

LON. Tis true. CATI. To what a shadow, am I melted!

LON. *Antonius* wan it but by some few voices.

CATI. Strooke through, like aire, and feele it not. My wounds
Close faster, then they're made. LEN. The whole designe
And enterprise is lost by't. All hands quit it.

Upon his fayle. CATI. I grow mad at my patience.

It is a Visor that hath poyson'd me.

Would it had burnt me up, and I died inward:

My heart first turn'd to ashes. LON. Here's *Cethegus* yet.

CATILINE, CETHEGVS, LENTVLVS,

LONGINVS, CATO.

R Epulse upon repulse? An In-mate, Consul?

That I could reach the axell, where the pinnes are,

Which bolt this frame; that I might pull them out,

And plucke all into Chaos, with my selfe.

CET. What, are we wishing now? CATI. Yes my *Cethegus*!

Who would not fall with all the world about him?

CET. Not I, that would stand one it, when it falls:

And force new Nature out, to make another.

These wishings taste of women, not of *Romane*.

Let us seeke other armes. CATI. What should we doe?

CET. Do, and not wish; something, that wilhestake not,

So sudaine, as the Gods should not prevent,

Nor scarce haue time to feare. CATI. O noble *Chims*!

CET. It likes me better, that you are not Consul.

I would not goe through open dores, but breake them:

Swim to my ends through blood: or build a bridge

Of carcasses: make on, upon the heads

Of men, strooke downe like piles; to reach the lives

Of those remaine, and stand: then is't a pray,

When Danger stoppes, and Ruine makes the way.

CATI. How thou dost utter mee, brave soule, that may not,

At all times, shew such as I am: but bend

Unto

CATILINE.

Unto occasion? *Lentulus*, this man,
If all your fire were out, would fetch downe new,
Out of the hand of *Iove*, and rivet him

4 To *Caucasus*, should he bat frowne: and let
His owne gaunt Eagle flie at him, to tire.

LEN. Peace, here comes *Cato*. CAT. Let him come, and heare
I will no more dissemble. Quit us all:

I, and my lov'd *Cethegus* here, alone
Will undertake this Giants warre, and carry it.

LEN. What needs this, *Lucius*? LON. *Sergius* be more wary.

CATI. Now *Marcus Cato*, our new Consuls spie,
What is your sower austerity sent t' explore.

CATO. Nothing in thee licentious *Catiline*:
Halters, and racks cannot expresse from thee
More, then thy deeds. Tis onely judgement waits thee.

CATI. Whose? *Cato's*? shall he judge me? CAT. No, the Gods:
"Who, ever follow those, they go not with:

And Senate: who, with fire, must purge sicke *Rome*
Of noysome Citizens, whereof thou art one.

Be gone, or else let me. Tis baine to draw (Caius)
The same ayre with thee. CET. Stricke him. LEN. Hold good

CET. Fearst thou not *Cato*? CATO. Rash *Cethegus*, no,
Twere wrong with *Rome*, when *Catiline* and thou

Doe threat, if *Cato* feard him. CATI. The fire you speake of,
If any flame of it approach my fortunes,

Ile quench it, not with water but with ruine.
CATO. You heare this, *Romans*. CATI. Bear it to the Consul.

CET. I would have sent away his soule, before him.
You are too heaue, *Lentulus*, and remisse:

It is for you we labour, and the Kingdome
Promis'd you by the *Sybill*.

CATI. Which his pratorship,
And some small flattery of the Senate more,

Will make him to forget. LEN. You wrong me, *Lucius*.
LON. He will not need these spurs. CET. The action needs'hem.

"These things, when they proceed not, they goe back yard.
LEN. Let us consult then. CET. Let us, first, take armes

They that denie us just things, now, will give
All that we aske: if once they see our swords.

CAT. Our objects must be fought with wounds not words.

CATILINAE.

CICERO, FULVIA.

Is there a Heaven? and Gods? and can it be
 They should so slowly hear, so slowly see?
 Hath *Love* no thunder? or is *Love* become
 Stupid as thou art? oh neare-wretched *Rome*,
 When both the Senate, and the Gods doe sleepe,
 And neither thine nor their owne states doe keepe!
 What will awake thee, Heaven? what can excite
 Thine anger, if this practise be too light?
 His former drifts partake of former times.
 But this last plot was onely *Catilines*.
 O, that it were his last. But he, before,
 Hath safely done so much, hee'll still dare more.
 Ambition, like a torrent, nere lookes backe;
 And is a swelling, and the last affection
 A high minde can put off: being both a *Rebell*
 Unto the soule, and reason, and enforceth
 All lawes, all conscience, treads upon religion,
 And offereth violence to Natures selfe.
 But here is that transcends it. A blacke purpose
 To confound Nature: and to ruine that,
 Which never Age nor Mankinde can repaire.
 Sit downe, good Lady; *Cicero* is lost
 In this your fable: for, to thinke it true
 Tempteth my reason. It so farre exceeds
 All insolent fictions of the tragicke *Scene*.
 The Common-wealth, yet panting, underneath
 The stripes, and wounds of a late civill warre,
 Gasping for life, and scarce restor'd to hope;
 To seeke t'oppresse her, with new cruelty,
 And utterly extinguish her long name,
 With so prodigious, and unheard-of firenesse!
 What sinke of Monsters, wretches of lost minds,
 Mad after change, and desperate in their states,
 Wearied and gall'd with their necessities,
 (For all this I allow them) durst have thought it?
 Would not the barbarous deeds have bin beleev'd
 Of *Marins*, and *Sylla*, by our Children,
 Without this fact had bin forth greater, for them?
 All, that they did, was piety, to this.

CATILINE. 10

They yet, but murthered Kinsfolke, Brothers, Parents,
Ravish'd the Virgins, and perhaps, some Matrons ;
They left the Citty standing, and the Temples :
The Gods, and Majestie of *Rome* were safe yet.

These purpose to fire it, to dispoile them,
(Beyond the other evils,) and lay waste
The farre-triumpht world : For unto whom
Rome is too little, what can be enough ?

FVL. Tis true, my Lord, I had the same discourse.

CIC. And then, to take a horrid Sacrament
In humane blood, for execution

Of this their dire designe ; which might be call'd

The height of wickednesse : but that, that was higher,

For which they did it, **FVL.** I assure your Lordship,

The extreame horreur of it almost turn'd me

To aire, when first I heard it ; I was all

A vapour, when 'twas told me : And I long'd

To vent it any where : 'Twas such a secret,

I thought, it would have burnt me up. **CIC.** Good *Fulvia*,

Feare not your act ; and lesse repent you of it.

FVL. I doe not my good Lord. I know to whom

I have utter'd it. **CIC.** You have discharg'd it safely.

Should *Rome*, for whom you have done the happy service,

Turne most ingrate ; yet were your vertue paid

In conscience of the fact : so much good deedes

Reward themselves. **FVL.** My Lord, I did it not

To any other aime, but for it selfe.

To no ambition. **CIC.** You have learn'd the difference

Of doing office to the publike weale,

And private friendship, and have shewne it, *Ladie*.

Be still your selfe. I have sent for *Quintus Curius*,

And (for your vertuous sake) if I can winne him,

Yet to the Common-wealth ; He shall be safe too.

FVL. He undertake, my Lord, he will be wonne.

CIC. Pray you joyne with me, then : And helpe to worke him

CICERO, LICTOR, FVLVIA,

CURIUS.

(presently)

How now ? Is he come ? **LIC.** He's here my Lord. **CIC.** Go
Pray my Colleague *Antonius*, I may speake with him.
About

CATILINE.

About some present businesse of the State;
And (as you goe) call on my brother *Quintus*,
And pray him, with the *Tribunes* to come to me.

And *Curius* enter. *Fulvia*, you will aide me?

FVL. It is my duty. Cic. O, my noble Lord!

I have to chide you yfaith. Give me your hand.

Nay, be not troubled, 'tshall be gently, *Curius*.

You looke upon this Lady? What Doe you guesse

My businesse, yet? Come, If you frowne, I thunder:

Therefore, put on your better lookes, and thoughts.

There's nought but faire, and good intended to you;

And I would make these your complexion.

Would you, of whom the *Senate* had that hope,

As, on my knowledge, it was in their purpose,

Next sitting, to restore you: as they ha' done

The stupid and ungratefull *Lentulus*;

(Excuse me, that I name you thus, together,

For, yet, you are not such) would you, I say,

A person both of Blood and Honour, stock't

In a long race of vertuous Ancestors,

Embarke your selfe for such a hellish action,

With Parricides, and Traitors, men turn'd Furies,

Out of the waste, and ruine of their fortunes;

(For 'tis despaire, that is the mother of madnesse)

Such as want (that, which all Conspirators,

But they, have first) meere colour for their mischief?

O, I must blush with you. Come, you shall not labour

To extenuate your guilt, but quit it cleane:

“Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leave 'hem.

“He acts the third crime, that defends the first.

Here is a Lady that hath got the start,

In pietie, of us all, and for whose vertue,

I could almost turne Lover, againe: but that

Terentia would be jealous. What an honour

Hath she atchieved to her selfe! What voices,

Tyles, and loud applauses will pursue her

Through every street! What windores will be fill'd,

To shoote eyes at her! What envie an grieve in Matrons,

They are not she! when this her act shall seeme

Worthier a Chariot, then if *Pompey* came,

CATILINE. 10

They yet, but mured Kinsfolke, Brothers, Parents,
Ravish'd the Virgins, and perhaps, some Matrons;
They left the Citty standing, and the Temples:
The Gods, and Majestie of *Rome* were safe yet.

These purpose to fire it, to dispoile them,
(Beyond the other evils,) and lay waste

The farre-triumpht world: For unto whom
Rome is too little, what can be enough?

FVL. Tis true, my Lord, I had the same discourse.

CIC. And then, to take a horrid Sacrament
In humane blood, for execution

Of this their dire designe; which might be call'd
The height of wickednesse: but that, that was higher,

For which they did it. **FVL.** I assure your Lordship,
The extreame horreur of it almost turn'd me

To aire, when first I heard it; I was all
A vapour, when 'twas told me: And I long'd

To vent it any where: 'Twas such a secret,
I thought, it would have burnt me up. **CIC.** Good *Enliva*,

Feare not your act; and lesse repent you of it.
FVL. I doe not my good Lord. I know to whom

I have utter'd it. **CIC.** You have discharg'd it safely.
Should *Rome*, for whom you have done the happy service,

Turne most ingrate; yet were your vertue paid
In conscience of the fact: so much good deedes

Reward themselves. **FVL.** My Lord, I did it not
To any other aime, but for it selfe.

To no ambition. **CIC.** You have learn'd the difference
Of doing office to the publike weale,

And private friendship, and have shewne it, Ladie.
Be still your selfe. I have sent for *Quintus Curius*,

And (for your vertuous sake) if I can winne him,
Yet to the Common-wealth; He shall be safe too.

FVL. Ile undertake, my Lord, he will be wonne.
CIC. Pray you joyne with me, then: And helpe to worke him.

CICERO, LICTOR, FVLVIA,

CVRIVS.

(presently,

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 They are not she! when this her act shall seeme
 Worthier a Chariot, then if *Pompey* came,

CATILINE.

With *Asia* chain'd ! All this is while she lives.

But dead, her very name will be a Statue,

* Not wrought for time, but rooted in the mindes

Of all posterity ; when Brasse, and Marble,

I, and the *Capitol* it selfe is dust.

FVL. Your Honour thinks too highly of me. Crc. No.

I cannot thinke enough. And I would have

Him emulate you. 'Tis no shame, to follow

The better precedent. Shee shews you *Curius*,

What claime your Countrey laies to you ; and what dutie

You owe to it : Be not afraide, to breake

With Murderers, and Traytors, for the saving

A life so neare, and necessary to you,

As is your Countries. Thinke but on her right.

"No Child can be too naturall to his Parent.

She is our common Mother, and doth challenge

The prime part of us : Doe not stop, but give it :

"He that is voide of feare, may loone be just,

* "And no Religion binds men to be Traitors.

FVL. My Lord, he understands it ; and will follow

Your saving counsell. But his shame, yet stayes him.

I know that he is comming. Cvr. Doe you know it ? (C)

FVL. Yes, let me speak with you. Cvr. O you are-FVL. what am

Cvr. Speake not so loud. FVL. I am ; what you should be,

Come, doe you thinke, I'd walke in any plot,

Where Madam *Sempronia* should take place of me,

And *Fulvia* come i'the *vere*, or on the *by* ?

That I would be her second in a businesse,

Though it might vantage me all the Sunne sees ?

It was a silly fancie of yours. Apply

Your selfe to me, and the Consul, and be wise :

Follow the fortune I ha put you into :

You may be something this way, and with safety.

Crc. Nay, I must tolerate no whisperings, Lady.

FVL. Sir, you may heare. I tell him in the way,

Wherein he was, how hazardous his course was.

Crc. How hazardous ? how certaine to all ruine.

Did he, or doe, yet any of them imagine

The Gods would sleepe, to such a *Strygian* practise,

Against that Common wealth which they have founded

With

CATILINE.

With so much labour, and like care have kept,
 Now neare seven hundred yeares? It is madnesse,
 Wherwith Heaven blinds 'hem, when it would cōfound 'em.
 That they should thinke it. Come, my *Curius*,
 I see your nature's right, you shall no more
 Be mention'd with them: I will call you mine,
 And trouble this good shame, no farder. Stand
 Firme for your Countrie, and become a man
 Honor'd, and lov'd. It were a noble life,
 To be found dead, embracing her. Know you,
 What thanks, what titles, what rewards the *Senate*
 Will heape upon you, certaine, for your service?
 Let not a desperate action more engage you,
 Then safety should, and wicked friendship force
 What honesty and vertue cannot worke.

FVL. He tels you right, sweete friend: 'tis saving counsell.

CVR. Most noble *Consul*, I am yours, and hers,
 I meane my Countries: you have form'd me new.

Inspiring me with what I should be truly.

And I intreate, my faith may not seeme cheaper

For springing out of penitence. **CRC.** Good *Curius*,

It shall be dearer rather, and because

I'd make it such, heare how I trust you more.

Keepe still your former face; and mixe againe

With these lost spirits. Run all their mazes with 'hem,

For such are treasons. Finde their windings out,

And subtle turnings, watch their snake waies,

Through brakes, and hedges, into woods of darkenesse,

Where they are faine to creepe upon their breasts

In pathes nere trod by Men, but Wolves, and Panthers.

Learne, beside *Catiline*, *Lentulus*, and those.

Whose names I have, what new ones they draw in,

Who else are likely, what those Great ones are,

They doe not name, what waies they meane to take,

And whither their hopes point, to warre: or ruine,

By some surprize. Explore all their intents,

And what you finde may profite the Republique,

Acquaint me with it, either by your selfe,

Or this your vertuous friend, on whom I lay

The care of urging you; I see that *Rome*

Shall prove a thankfull and a bounteous Mother.

CATILINE.

Be secret as the night. **Cyr.** And constant Sir.
Cic. I do not doubt it. Though th. time cut off
 + All vowes. "The dignity of truth is lost,
 With much protesting: Who is there! This way,
 Least you be seene, and met. And when you come,
 Be this your token; to this fellow. Light'hem.

O Rome, in what sicknesse art thou fall'n!
 How dangerous, and deadly! when thy head
 Is drownd in sleepe, and all thy body feyry!
 No noise, no pulling, no vexation weaks thee,
 Thy *Lethargie* is such: or if by chance,
 Thou have thy eye-lids vp, thou dost forget
 Sooner, then thou wert told, thy proper danger,
 I did unreverently, to blame the Gods,
 Who wake for thee, though thou snore to thy selfe.
 Is it not strange, thou should'st be so diseas'd,
 And so secure? But more, that the first symptomes
 Of such a malady, should not rise out
 From any worthy member but a base
 And common strumpet, worthlesse to be nam'd
 A haire or part of thee? Thinke, thinke, hereafter,
 What they needs were, where thou must vse such meanes:
 And lay it to thy breast, how much the Gods
 Upbraid the foule neglect of them; by making
 So vile a thing, the Author of thy safety.
 They could have wrought by nobler waies: have strooke
 Thy foes with forked lightning; or ramm'd Thunder;
 Throwne hills upon 'hem, in the act; have sent
 Death, like a dampe, to fall eheir families:
 Or caus'd their conscience to burst'em. But,
 When they will shew thee what thou art, and make
 A somefull difference 'twixt their power and thee,
 They helpe thee by such aides, as Geese, and Harlots.
 How now? What answer? Is he come? **Lec.** Your Brother
 Will straight be here: and your Colleague *Antonius*
 Said coldly, he would follow me. **Cic.** I, that
 Troubles me somewhat, and is worth my feare:
 He is a man, 'gainst whom I must provide,
 That (as hee'll doe no good) he doe no harme;
 He, though he be not of the plot, will like it
 And wish it should proceed: for unto men,

CATILINE

Prest with her wants, all change is ever welcome.
 I must with offices, and patience winne him;
 Make him, by art, that which he is not borne,
 A friend vnto the publique, and bestow
 The *Province* on him; which is by the *Senate*
 Decreed to me: that benefit will bind him.
 Tis well, if some men will doe well, for prices sake.
 "So few are vertuous, when the reward's away
 Nor must I be unmindfull of my private;
 For which I have call'd my Brother, and the Tribunes,
 My Kins-folke, and my Clients to be neare me;
 "He that stands up'gainst Traitors, and their ends;
 "Shall need a double guard, of Law, and friends:
 "Especially, in such an envious State,
 "That sooner will accuse the Magistrate,
 "Then the Delinquent; and will rather grieve
 "The Treasow is not acted, then beleeve

CAESAR: CATILINE

THe night growes on; and you are for your meeting:
 Ile therefore end in few. Be resolute,
 And put your enterprize in act: The more
 "Actions of depth, and danger are consider'd,
 "The lesse assuredly they are perform'd
 And thence it hapneth that the bravest plots
 (Not executed straight) haue bin discour'd.
 Say, you are constant, or another, a third,
 Or more: there may be yet one wretched spirit,
 With whom the feare of punishment shall worke
 'Boue all the thoughts of honor, and revenge.
 You are not, now, to thinke what's best to doe,
 As in beginnings: what must be done,
 Being thus entred: and slip no advantage
 That may secure you. Let 'hem call it mischief:
 "When it is past, and prosp' red, 'twill be vertue.
 "Th'are petty crimes punish'd, great rewarded:
 Nor must you thinke of perill, since, "Attempts,
 "Begunne with danger, still doe end with glory.
 "And, when neede spurs, despair will be cald wisdom.
 Lesse ought the care of men, or fame to fright you:
 "For they, that winne, do seldome receive shame
 "Of victory: how ere it be atchieu'd

C A T I L I N E. 171

And vengeance, least. For who, besieg'd with wants
Would stop at death, or anything beyond it?
Come there was never any great thing, yet?
Aspired, but by violence, or fraud.
And he that sticks (for folly of a conscience)
To reach it——CAT. Is a good religious foole.
CAES. A superstitious slave and will die beaſt.
Good night. You know what *Crassus* thinks, and I
By this: Prepare you wing, as large as fayles
To cut through Ayre, and leave no print behind you.

✱ A Serpent, ere he comes to be a Dragon,
Do's eat a Bat: and so must you a Consul,
That watches. What you doe, doe quickly *Sergius*
You shal not stir for me. CAT. Excuse me, lights there. *(Caesar)*
CAES. By no meanes. CAT. Stay then. All good thoughts to
And like to *Crassus*. CAES. Mind but your friends counsels.

C A T I L I N E, A U R E L I A, L E C I A.

O R I will beare no minde. How now, *Aurelia*?
Are your confederats come? the Ladies? AVR. Yes.
CAT. And is *Sempronia* there? AVR. She is. CAT. That's well.
She ha's a sulphurous spirit and wil take
Light at a sparke. Break with them gentle loves,
About the drawing as many of their husbands,
Into a plot, as can: if not to rid them
That'll be the easier practise, unto some,
Who have bin tir'd with them long. Solicite
Their aydes, for money, and their Servants help:
In firing of the City, at the time lining to
Shall be design'd. Promise them States, and Empires,
And men, for Lovers, made of better clay
Then ever the old Potter *Titan* knew.
Who's that? O: *Porcius* *Lecca*? are they men?
LEC. They are all, here. CAT. Love, you have your instructions:
Ile trust you with the stuffe you have to worke on.
You'll forme it? *Porcius*, fetch the silver Eagle
I ga' you in charges, and pray them, they will enter.

C A T I L I N E, C E T H E G U S, C U R I U S, L E N T U L U S,
V A R G U N T I U S, L O U G U N I U S, C A E P U R I U S.

O Friends your faces glad me. This will be
Our last, I hope of consultation.

CATILINE

CAT. So, it had need. CAR. We loose occasion, daily.
 CAT. I, and our meanes : whereof one woundes me most,
 That was the fairest. *Piso* is dead, in *Spaine*.
 CET. As we are, here. LON. And it is thought, by envy
 Of *Pompey's* followers. LEN. He too's comming backe,
 Now, out of *Asia*. CAT. Therefore what we intend
 We must be swift in. Take your seates, and heare.
 I have, already, sent *Septimius*
 Into the *Picene* territory; and *Julius*,
 To raise force, for us, in *Apulia*:
Manlius at *Fesula* is (by this time) up
 With the old needie troopes, that follow'd *Sylla*;
 And all doe but expect, when wee will give
 The blow at home. Behold this silver Eagle,
 Was *Marinus* standard, in the *Cimbrian* warre,
 Fatall to *Rome* : and as our Augures tell me,
 Shall still be so : For which one omenous cause,
 I have kept it safe, and done it sacred rites,
 As to a God-head ; in a Chappell built
 Of purpose to it, with vowes of death and ruine,
 Strooke silently, and home. So waters speake
 When they run deepest. Now's the time this yeare
 The twentieth, from the firing of the Capitol,
 As fatall too, to *Rome*, by all predictions;
 And, in which honor'd *Lentulus* must rise
 A King, if he peruse it. CVR. If he doe not,
 He is not worthy the great destiny.
 LEN. It is too great for me, but what the Gods,
 And their great loves decree me, I must not
 Seeme carelesse of. CAT. No nor we envious.
 We have enough beside, all *Gallia*, *Belgia*,
Greece, *Spaine*, and *Africke*. CVR. I, and *Asia* too,
 Now *Pompey* is returning. CAT. Noblest *Renzanes*,
 Me thinks our lookes, are not so quicke and high,
 As thy were wont. CVR. No? whose is not? CAT. We have
 + No anger in our eyes, no storme, no lightning:
 Our hate is spent, and fum'd away in vapor,
 Before our hands be at worke. I can accuse
 Not any one, but all of slacknesse. CET. Yes,
 And be your selfe such while you do it. CAT. Ha?

CATILINE.

Tis sharply answerd, *Caius*. CET. Truly, truly.
 LEN. Come, let us each one know his part to doe,
 And then be accus'd, leave these untimely quarrels.
 CVR. I would there were more *Romes* then one, to ruine.
 CET. More *Romes*? More Worlds. CVR. Nay then, more Gods, &
 If they tooke part. LEN. When shal the time be, First? (Natures,
 CAT. I thinke the *Saturnals*. CET. 'Twill be too long.
 CAT. They are not now farre off, 'tis not a month.
 CET. A weeke, a day, an houre is too farre off,
 Now, were the fittest time. CAT. We ha' not laid
 All things so safe, and ready. CET. While we are laying,
 We shall all lie; and grow to earth. Would I
 Were nothing in it, if not now. These things
 They should be done, e're thought. CAT. Nay, now your reason
 Forsakes you, *Caius*. Thinke but what commodity
 That time will minister: the Cities custome
 Of being, then, in mirth, and feast. LEN. Loos'd whole
 In pleasure and security. AVL. Each house
 Resolv'd in freedom. CVR. Every slave a master.
 LON. And they too no meane aides. CVR. Made from their hope
 Of liberty. LEN. Or hate unto their Lords.
 VAR. Tis sure, there cannot be a time found out
 More apt, and naturall. LEN. Nay good *Cethegus*,
 Why doe your passions, now, disturbe our hopes?
 CET. Why doe your hopes delude your certainties?
 CAT. You must lend him his way. Thinke, for the order,
 And processe of it. LON. Yes. LEN. I like not fire:
 'Twill too much wast my Citie. CAT. Were it embers,
 There will be wealth enough, rack't out of them,
 To spring a new: It must be fire or nothing.
 LON. What else should fright, or terrifie hem? VAR. True.
 In that confusion, must be the chiefe slaughter.
 CVR. Then we shall kill hem bravest. CEP. And in heapes.
 AVT. Screw Sacrifices. CVR. Make the Earth an Altar.
 LON. And *Rome* the fire. LEC. 'Twill be a noble night.
 VAR. And worthal *Sylla's* daies. CVR. When Husbands, Wives,
 Virgins, and Priests, the Infant, and the Nurse
 Go all to hell, together, in a fleete.
 CAT. I would have you *Longinus*, and *Statilius*,
 To take the charge o' the firing, which must be,

CATILINE.

At a signe given with a trumpet, done
 In twelve chiefe places of the Citie, at once.
 The flaxe, and sulphure, are already laid
 In, at *Cethegus* house. So are the weapons,
Gabinus, you with other force, shall stop
 The pipes, and conduits: and kill those that come
 For water. *CVR.* What shall I doe? *CAT.* All will have
 Employment, feare not, ply the execution.
CVR. For that, trust me, and *Cethegus*. *CAT.* I will be
 At hand, with the army, to meet those that scape.
 And *Lentulus*, begirt you *Pompey's* house,
 To seize his sonnes alive: for they are they
 Must make our peace with him. All else out off,
 As *Tarquin* did the Poppey heads; or mowers
 A field of thistles: or else, up, as ploughes
 Do barren lands: and strick together flints,
 And clods: th'ungratefull Senate, and the people:
 Till no rage, gone before, or coming after
 May weigh with yours, though Horror leapt her selfe
 Into the scale: but in your violent acts,
 The fall of torrents, and the noyse of tempests,
 The boyling of *Charibdis*, the Seas wildnesse,
 The eating force of flames, and wings of winds
 Be all outwrought, by your transcendent furies.
 It had beene done, eare this, had I bin Consul:
 We had had no stop, no let. *LEN.* How find you *Antonius*?
CAT. The other has wonne him lost, that *Cicero*
 Was borne to be my opposition,
 And stands in all our waies. *CVR.* Remove him first.
CET. May that, yet, be done sooner? *CAT.* Would it were done.
CVR. VAR, I'll doe't. *CET.* It is my province: none usurpe it.
LEN. What are your meanes? *CET.* Enquire not. He shall die.
 Shall, was to slowly said. He's a dying. That
 Is, not to slow. He is dead. *CAT.* Brave, onely Roman,
 Whose soule might be the worlds soule, were that dying:
 Refuse not, yet, the aydes of these your friends:
LEN. Here's *Vargunteius* holds good quarter with him.
CAT. And under the pretext of clientele
 And visitation of morning *Hayle*,
 Will be admitted. *CET.* What is that to me?
VAR. Yes, we may kill him in his bed, and safely.

CATILINE.

CER. Safe is your way, then, take it. Mine's mine owne.

CAT. Follow him *Vargunteius*; and perswade,
The morning is the fittest time. LON. The night
Will turne all into tumult. LEN. And perhaps
Misse of him too. CAT. Intreat, and conjure him. (to them.
In all our names. LEN. By all our vowes, and friendships

SEMPRONIA, AVRELLA, FULVIA.]

W^Hat! is our Councell broke up first? AVR. You say,
Women are greatest talkers. SEM. We ha'done,
And are now fit for action. LON. Which is passion.
There's your best activity, Lady. SEM. How
Knowes your wife fa'tnesse that? LON. Your Mothers daughter
Did teach me, Madam. CER. Come *Sempronia*, leave him:
He is a Giber. And our present businesse
Is of more serious consequence. *Aurelia*
Tells me, you have done most masculinely wilely,
And plaid the Orator. SEM. But we must hasten
To our designe as well, and execute:
Not hang still, in the feaver of an accident.
CAT. You say well, Lady. SEM. I doe like our plot
Exceeding well, tis sure; and we shall leave
Little to fortune, in it. CAT. Your banquet staves.
Aurelia take her in. Where's *Fulvia*?
SEM. O the two Lovers are coupling. CER. In good faith,
She's very ill, with sitting up. SEM. You'd have her
Laugh, and lie downe. FVL. No, faith, *Sempronia*,
I am not well; Ile take my leave, it drawes
Toward the morning: *Curius* shall stay with you.
Madam, I pray you pardon me, my health
I must respect. AVR. Farewell, good *Fulvia*.
CER. Make halte, and bid him get his guards about him.
For *Vargunteius*, and *Cornelius*
Have undertane it, should *Cethegus* misse:
Their reason, that they thinke his open rashnesse
Will suffer easier discovery,
Then their attempt; so vailed under friendship.
Ile bring you to your Coach. Tell him beside,
Of *Casars* comming forth, here. CAT. My sweet Madam,
Will you be gone? FVL. I am, my Lord, in truth,
In some indisposition. CAT. I do wish

CATILINE.

You had all your health, sweet Lady. *Lentulus*,
You'll doe her service. LEN. To her coach, and duty.

CATILINE.

What ministers men must, for practise, use!
The rash, th' ambitious, needie, desperate,
Foolish, and wretched, ev'n the dregs of Mankinde,
To whores, and women! Still, it must be so.
Each have their proper place, and in their roomes,
They are the best. Groomes fittest kindle fires,
Slaves carry burdens, Butchers are for slaughters,
Apothecaries, Butlers, Cookes for poysons,
As these for me: Dull, stupid *Lentulus*,
My itale, with whom I italke: the rash *Cethegus*,
My executioner, and fat *Longinus*,
Statilius, *Curius*, *Ceparius*, *Chimber*,
My labourers, pioners, and incendiaries,
With these domestick traitors, bosome theeves,
Whom custome hath call'd Wives, the readiest helpes
To strangle head-strong Husbands, rob the easie,
And lend the moneyes, on returns of lust.
Shall *Catiline* not doe, now, with these aides,
So fought, so sorted, something shall be call'd
Their labour, but his profite? and make *Cesar*
Repent his ventaing counsels, to a spint,
So much his Lord in mischief? when all these,
Shall like the Brethren sprung of Dragons teeth,
Ruine each other, and he fall amongst hem:
With *Crassus*, *Pompey*, or who else appears,
But like, or neere a great one. May my braine
Resolve to water, and my blood turne phlegme,
My hands drop off, unworthy of my sword,
And that b'inspired, of it selfe, to rip
My breast for my lost entrailles, when I leave
A soule, that will not serve. And who will, are
The same with slaves, such clay I dare not feare.
The cruelty I meane to act, I wish
Should be call'd mine, and tarrie in my name:
Whilst after ages doe toyle out themselves
In thinking for the like, but do it lesse.

CATILINE.

And were the power of all the fiends let loose,
With Fate to boote, it should be, still, example.
When, what the *Gauls*, or *Moore* could not effect,
Nor æmulous *Carthage*, with their length of spight,
Sha'l be the worke of one, and that my night.

CICERO, FULVIA, QUINTVS.

I Thanke your vigilance. Where's my brother *Quintus*?

Call all my servants up. Tell noble *Curius*,

And say it to your selfe, you are my Savers;

But that's too little for you, you are *Romes*:

What could I then, hope lesse? O brother! now,

The engines I told you of, are working;

The machine 'gins to move. Where are your weapons?

Arme all my household presently. And charge

The Porter, he let no man in, till day.

(names,

QVI. Not Clients, and your friends? *CIC.* They weare those

That come to murder me. Yet send for *Cato*,

And *Quintus Catulus*, those I dare trust;

And *Flaccus*, and *Pomtinus*, the Prætors,

By the backe way. *QVI.* Take care, good brother *Marcus*,

Your feares be not form'd greater then they should;

And make your friends grieve, while your enemies laugh.

CIC. Tis brothers counsell, and worth thanks. But doe

As I intreate you. I provide not feare,

Was *Cæsar* there, say you? *FVL.* *Curius* sayes, he met him,

Comming from thence. *CIC.* O, so. And had you a counsell

Of Ladies too? Who was your Speaker, Madam?

FVL. She that wou'd be, had there beene fortie more;

Sempronia, who had both her Greeke, and Figures;

And ever and anon, would aske us, if

The wittie Consul could have mended that?

Or Orator *Cicero* could have said it better?

CIC. Shee's my gentle enemy. Would *Cethegus*

Had no more danger in him. But my guards

Are you great powers, and th'unbated strengths

+ Of a firme conscience, which shall arme each step

Tane for the State, and teach me slacke no pace

For feare of malice. How now, Brother? *QVI.* *Cato.*

And *Quintus Catulus* were comming to you,

And *Crassus* with 'hem. I have let 'hem in,

CATILINE.

By th' garden. *Cic.* What would *Crassus* have? *Qvi.* I heard
Some whispering 'bout the gate, and making doubt,
Whether it be not yet too early, or no?
But I doe thinke, they are your friends, and Clients,
And fearefull to disturbe you. *Cic.* You will change
To another thought anon. Ha' you giv'n the Porter
The charge, I wil'd you? *Qvi.* Yes. *Cic.* Withdraw, & hearken.

VARGV NTEIVS, CORNELIVS, PORTER, CI-
CERÓ, CATO, CATVLVS, CRASSVS.

THe dore's not open yet. *Cor.* You were best to knocke.

Var. Let them stand close then: And when we are in,
Rush after us. *Cor.* But where's *Cethegus*? *Var.* He
Has left it, since he might not do't his way.

Por. Who's there? *Var.* A friend, or more. I may not let
Any man in, till day. *Var.* No? why? *Cor.* Thy reason?

Por. I am commanded so. *Var.* By whom? *Cor.* I hope
We are not discover'd. *Var.* Yes, by revelation.

Pray thee good slave, who has commanded thee?

Por. He that may best, the Consull. *Var.* We are his friends.

Por. All's one. *Cor.* Best give your name. *Var.* Dost thou heare
I have some instant businesse with the Consul. (fellow?

My name is *Vargunteius*. *Cic.* True, he knowes it:

And for what friendly office you are sent.

Cornelius, too, is there? *Var.* We are betray'd.

Cic. And desperate *Cethegus*, is he not?

Var. Speak you, he knows my voice. *Cic.* What say you to't?

Cor. You are deceiv'd Sir. *Cic.* No, tis you are so:

Poore, misled men. Your states are yet worth pittie,

If you would heare, and change your savage mindes.

Leave to be mad: forsake your purposes

Of Treason, Rapine, Murder, Fire, and Horror:

+ The Common-wealth hath eyes, that wake as sharply

Over her life, as yours doe for her ruine.

Be not deceiv'd, to thinke her lenity

Will be perpetuall: or if Men be wanting,

The Gods will be to such a calling cause.

Consider your attempts, and while there's time,

Repent you of 'hem. It doth make me tremble

There should those spirits yet breath, that when they cannot

Live honestly, would rather perish basely.

CATILINE.

CATO. You talke too much to 'hem, *Marcus*. They are lost.
Go forth, and apprehend 'hem. CATV. If you prove
This practise, what should let the Common-wealth
To take due vengeance? VAR. Let us shift away.
The darkenesse hath conceal'd us, yet: Wee'll say
Some have abus'd our names. COR. Denie it all.
CATO. *Quintus*, what guards ha' you? Call the Tribunes aide,
And raise the Citty. Consul, you are too mild,
"The foulness of some facts takes thence all mercy:
Report it to the *Senate*. Heare: The Gods
Grow angry with your patience. "This their care,
"And must be yours, that guilty men escape not.
"As crimes doe grow, Justice should rouse it selfe.

CHORVS.

W^Hat is it, *Heavens*, you prepare
With so much swiftnesse, and so sudaine rising?
There are no Sonnes of earth, that dare,
Againe, rebellion: or the Gods surprising?
The World doth, and Nature feares,
Yet is the tumult, and the horror greater
Within our minds, and in our eares,
So much *Romes* faults (now growne her Fate) do threat her.
The Priests and People runne about,
Each Order, Age, and Sex amaz'd at other:
And at the Ports, all thronging out,
As if their safety were to quit their Mother:
Yet find they the same dangers there,
From which they make such hast to be preserved;
For guilty States do ever beare
The plagues about them, which they have deserved.
And, till those plagues do get above
The mountaine of our faults, and there do sit,
We see 'hem not. Thus, still we looke
The evill we do, untill we suffer it.
But, most, ambition, that neere vice
To Vertue, hath the fate of *Rome* provoked:
And made, that now *Rome's* selfe no price,
To free her from the death, wherewith she's yoked,
That restless still, that still doth build
Vpon successe, and ends not in aspiring.

CATILINE.

*But there begins. And nere is fill'd,
 While ought remains that seemes but worth desiring.
 Wherein the thought much like the Eye,
 To which things farre, seeme smaller then they are
 Deemes all contentment plac'd on high:
 And thinks there's nothing great, but what is farre.
 O, that in time, Rome did not cast
 Her errors up, this fortune to prevent:
 T'have seene her crimes ere they were past:
 And felt her faults, before her punishment.*

A c t. iiii.

ALLOBROGES.

CAn these men feare? who are not onely ours,
 But the worlds masters? Then I see, the Gods
 Upbraid our sufferings, or would humble them:
 By sending these affrights, while we are here:
 That we might laugh at their ridiculous feare,
 Whose names, we tremble at beyond the Alpes.
 Of all that passe, I doe not see a face
 Worthy a man, that dares looke up, and stand
 One thunder out: but downward all, like beasts,
 Running away from every flash is made.
 The falling world could not deserve such basenesse.
 Are we imployd here, by our miseries,
 Like superstitious fooles (or rather slaves)
 To plaine our griefes, wrongs, and oppressions,
 To a meere clothed Senate, whom our folly
 Hath made, and still intends to keepe our Tyrannes?
 It is our base petitionary breath
 That blowes hem to his greatnes; which this pricke
 Would soone let out, if we were bold, & wretched.
 When they have taken all we have: our goods,
 Crop, lands, and houses, they will leaue us this:
 A weapon, and an arme will still be found,
 Though naked left, and lower then the ground.

CATO, CATVLVS, CICERO.

DOe; urge thine anger, still; good Heaven, and a just.
 Tell guilty men, what powers are above them.

CATILINE.

In such a confidence of wickednesse,
Twas time, they should know something fit to feare

CATV. I never saw a morne more full of horror.

CATO. To *Catiline*, and his : But, to just men:

+ Though Heaven should speake, with all his wrath at once,

That, with his breath, the hinges of the world
Did cracke : we should stand upright, and unfear'd.

CIC. Why, so we doe, good *Cato*. Who be these?

CATV. Ambassadors, from the *Allobroges*.

I take 'hem, by their habits. ALL. I, these men

Seeme of another race ; Let's sue to these

Ther's hope of justice, with their fortitude.

CIC. Friends of the *Senate*, and of *Rome*, to day

We pray you to forbear us : on the morrow

What sute you haue, let us, by *Fabius Sanga*

(Whose Patronage your State doth use) but know it,

And, on the Consell's word, you shall receive

Dispatch, or else an answer, worth your patience.

ALL. We could not hope for more, most worthy Consul.

This Magistrate hath strooke an awe into me,

And by his sweetnesse, wonne a more regard

Unto his place then all the boistrous moods. +

That ignorant Greatnesse practiseth, to fill

The large, unfit authority it weares.

+ How easie is a noble spirit discern'd

From harsh, and sulphurous matter that flies out

In contumelies, makes a noyse, and stinks.

May we finde good, and great men, that know how

To stoupe to wants, and meete necessities,

And will not turne from any equall suites.

"Such men, they doe not succour more the cause,

"They undertake, with favour and successe:

"Then by it their owne judgements they doe raile,

"In turning just mens needes, into their praise.

THE SENATE.

PRAE. Rome for the Consuls. Father take your places

Here in the house of *Iupiter*, the *STAYER*,

By edict from the Consull, *Marcus Tullius*,

You are met, a frequent *Senate*. Heare him speake,

CIC. Which may be happy and auspicious still.

CATILINE.

To Rome, And hers. Honour'd and Conscript Fathers,
 If I were silent, and that all the dangers
 Threatning the State, and you, were it so hid
 In night, or darkenesse, thicker in their breasts,
 That are the blacke contrivers: so, that no
 Beame of the light could pierce them: Yet the voice
 Of Heav'n, this morning, hath spoke loud enough,
 T'instruct you with a feeling of the horror,
 And wake you from a sleepe, as dead, as death.
 I have, of late, spoke often in this Senate.
 Touching this argument, but still have wanted
 Tither your eares, or faith: so incredible
 Their plots have seem'd, or I so vaine, to make
 These things for mine owne glory, and false greatnesse,
 As hath beene given out. But be it so:
 When they breake forth, and shall declare themselves,
 By their too foule effects, then, then, the enuy
 Of my just cares will finde another name.
 For me, I am but one: And this poore life,
 So lately aim'd at, not an houre yet since,
 They cannot with more eagernesse persue,
 Then I with gladnesse would lay downe, and loose,
 To buy *Romes* peace, if that would purchase it.
 But when I see they'd make it but the step
 To more and greater, unto yours, *Romes*, all:
 I would with those preserve it, or then fall.
 CAES. I I, let you alone, cunning Artificer!
 See how his gorget peeres above his Gowne;
 To tell the people, in what danger he was
 It was absurdly done of *Vargintius*.
 To name himselfe, before he was got in.
 CRA It matters not so they deny it all:
 And can but carry the lie constantly.
 Will *Catiline* be here? CAES. I have sent for him.
 CRA. And ha' you bid him to be confident?
 CAES. To that his owne necessity will prompt him.
 CRA Seeme to beleieve nothing at all, that *Cicero*
 Relate us. CAES. It will madd him. CRA. O, and helpe
 The other party. Who is that? His Brother?
 What new intelligence ha's he brought him now?
 CAES. Some cautions from his Wife, how to behave him,
 H₂

CATILINE.

CIC. Place some of them without, and some bring in.
 Thanke their kinde loves. It is a comfort yet,
 That all depart not from their Countries cause.

CAES. How now, what meanes this Muster? Consul *Antonius?*

ANT. I doe not know, aske my Colleague, he'll tell you.

There is some reason in state, that I must yeeld to,
 And I have promis'd him: Indeed he has bought it,
 With giving me the Province. Cic. I preesse,

It grieues me, Fathers, that I am compell'd

To draw these armes, and aides for your defence,

And more, against a Cittizen of Rome,

Borne here amongst you, a Patrician,

A man I must confesse, of no meane house,

Nor no small vertue, if he had employ'd

Those excellent gifts of Fortune, and of Nature,

Unto the good, not ruine of the State.

But being bred in's fathers needie fortunes,

Brought up in's sisters prostitution,

Confirm'd in civil slaughter, entring first

The Common-wealth with murder of the Gentry;

Since, both by study, and custome, conversant

With all licentiousnesse: what could be hop'd

In such a field of riot, but a course

Extreame pernicious? Though, I must protest,

I found his mischiefes, sooner, with mine eyes,

Then with my thought; and with these hands of mine

Before they touch'd at my suspicion.

CAES. What are his mischiefes, Consul? you declame

Against his manners, and corrupt your owne;

"No wise man should, for hate of guiltie men,

Loose his owne innocence. Cic. The noble Caesar

Speakes Godlike truth. But when he heares, I can

Convince him, by his manners, of his mischiefes,

He might be silent: And not cast away

His sentences in vaine, where they scarce looke,

Toward his subject. CAT. Here he comes himselfe.

If he be worthy any good mans voice,

That good man sit downe by him: *Caeso* will not.

CATV. If *Caeso* leave him. Ile not keepe aside.

CATT. What is his, the Senate here puts on,

Against me *Fat* Give my modesty

C A T I L I N E .

Leave, to demand the cause of so much strangeness.
 CAES. It is reported here you are the head
 To a strange faction, *LUCIUS*. CIC. I, and will
 Be prov'd against him. CAT. Let it be. Why, Consul,
 If in the Common-wealth, there be two bodies,
 One leane, weake, rotten, and that hath a head
 The other strong, and healthfull, but hath none:
 If I doe give it one, doe I offend?
 Restore your selves unto your temper, Fathers;
 And without perturbation, heare me speake:
 Remember who I am, and of what place,
 What petty fellow this is, that opposes,
 One that hath exercis'd his eloquence,
 Still to the bane of the Nobility:
 A boasting, insolent tongue-man. CATO. Peace leud Traitor,
 Or wash thy mouth. He is an honest man,
 And loves his Countrey; would thou didst so too.
 CATI. *Cato*, you are too zealous for him. CATO. No,
 Thou art too impudent. CATV. *Catiline* be silent.
 CATI. Nay then, I easily feare, my just defence
 Will come too late, to so much prejudice. (me,
 CAES. Will he sit downe? CATI. Yet, let the world forsake
 My innocence must not. CATO. Thou innocent?
 So are the *Furies*. CIC. Yes, and *Ate*, too.
 Dost thou not blush, pernicious *Catiline*?
 Or hath the paleness of thy guilt drunke up
 Thy blood, and drawne thy veines, as dry of that,
 As is thy heart of truth, thy breast of vertue?
 Whither at length wilt thou abuse our patience?
 Still shall thy fury mocke us? To what licence
 Dares thy unbridled boldnesse runne it selfe?
 Doe all the nightly guards, kept on the Palace,
 The Cittie-watches, with the Peoples feares,
 The concourse of all good men, this so strong
 And fortified seate here of the *Senate*,
 The present looks upon thee, strike thee nothing?
 Dost thou not feele thy Councels all laid open?
 And see thy wild Conspiracy bound in
 With each mans knowledge? which of all this Order
 Canst thou thinke ignorant (if they ll but utter
 Their conscience to the right) of what thou didst

CATILINE.

Last night, what on the former, where thou wert,
 Whom thou didst call together, what your plots were?
 O Age and manners! This the Consul sees,
 The *Senate* understands, yet this man lives!
 Lives? I, and comes here into Councell with us;
 Partakes the publique cares: and with his eye
 Markes, and points out each man of us to slaughter.
 And we, good men, doe satisfie the State,
 If we can shunne but this mans sword, and madnesse.
 There was that vertue, once, in *Rome*, when good men
 Would, with more sharpe coërcion, had restrain'd
 A wicked Citizen, then the deadliest Foe.
 We have that law still, *Catiline*, for thee;
 An act as grave, as sharpe: The State's not wanting,
 Nor the authority of this Senate; we,
 We that are Consuls, onely faile our selves.
 This twentie dayes, the edge of that decree
 We have let dull, and rust; kept it shut up,
 As in a sheath, which drawne should take thy head.
 Yet still thou liv'st: and liv'st not to lay by
 Thy wicked confidence, but to confirme it.
 I could desire, Fathers, to be found
 Still in reifull, to seeme in these maine perils,
 Grasping the State, a man remisse, and slacke;
 But then I should condemne my selfe of sloth,
 And trechery. Their Campe's in *Italy*,
 Pitch'd in the fowes, here of *Hebrunia*;
 Their numbers daily increasing, and their Generall
 Within our walles, nay in our Councell, plotting
 Houerly some fatall mischief to the Publique.
 If *Catiline*, I should command thee, now,
 Here to be taken, kill'd; I make just doubt,
 Whether all good men would not thinke it done
 Rather too late, then any man too true.
 CATO. Except he were of the same meale, and barchnot
 CIC. But that, which ought to have beene done long since,
 I will, (and for good reason) yet forbear.
 Then will I take thee, when no man is found
 So lost, so wicked, nay so like thy selfe,
 But shall professe 'tis done of neede, and right.
 While there is owne, that dares defend thee, live;

CATILINE.

Thou shalt have leave; but so, as now thou liv'st :
 Watch'd at a hand, besieged, and oppress'd
 From working least commotion to the State.
 I have those eyes, and eares, shall still keepe guard,
 And spiall on thee, as they have ever done,
 And thou not feele it. What then, canst thou hope ?
 If neither Night can, with her darknesse, hide
 Thy wicked meetings; nor a private House
 Can in her walles, containe the guilty whispers
 Of thy conspiracy : If all breake out,
 All be discovered, change thy minde at last,
 And loose thy thoughts of ruine, flame, and slaughter.
 Remember, how I told, here, to the Senate,
 That such a day, thy Lictor, *Cains Manlius*,
 Would be in armes. Was I deceiv'd, *Catiline*,
 Or in the fact, or in the time ? the hower ?
 I told too, in this Senate, that thy purpose
 Was on the fifth, the Kalends of *November*,
 T'have slaughter'd this whole Order : which my caution
 Made many leave the city. Canst thou here
 Denie, but this thy blacke designe was hindred,
 That very day, by me, thy selfe clos'd in
 Within my strengths, so that thou couldst not move
 Against a publique reed ? when thou wert heard
 To say, upon the parting of the rest,
 Thou would'st content thee, with the murder of vs,
 That did remaine. Hadst thou not hope, beside,
 By a surprize, by night, to take *Preneste* ?
 Where when thou cam'st, didst thou not finde the place
 Made good against thee, with my aides, my watches ?
 My Garrisons fortified it. Thou dost nothing *Sergius*,
 Thou canst endeavour nothing, nay not thinke,
 But I both see, and heare it ; and am with thee,
 By, and before, about, and in thee, too.
 Call but to minde thy last nights businesse. Come,
 Ile use no circumstance : at *Lecca's* house,
 The shop, and mint of your conspiracy,
 Among your Sword-men, where so many associates
 Both of thy mischiefe, and thy madnesse, met.
 Dar'st thou denie this ? wherefore art thou silent ?
 Speake, and this shall convince thee : Here they are,

CATILINE. TWO

I see 'hem in this Senate, that were with thee,
 O you immortall Gods 'in what clime are wee?
 What region doe wee live in? in what ayre?
 What Common-wealth, or State is this we have?
 Here, here, amongst us, our owne number, Fathers,
 In this most holy Councell of the world,
 They are, that seeke the spoile of me, of you,
 Of ours, of all; what can I name's too narrow:
 Follow the Sunne, and find not their ambition.
 These I behold being Confull; Nay, I aske
 Their counsels of the State, as from good Patriots:
 Whom it were fit the axe should hew in peeces,
 I not so much as wound, yet, with my voyce.
 Thou wast last night, with *Lecca, Catiline*,
 Your shares, of *Italy*, you there divided;
 Appointed who, and whither, each should goe,
 What men should stay behinde, in *Rome*, were chosen:
 Your offices set downe: the parts mark'd out,
 And places of the Cittie, for the fire;
 Thy selfe (thou affirm'd'st) wast readie to depart,
 Onely, a little let there was, that stay'd thee,
 That I yet liv'd: Upon the word, it part forth
 Three of thy crew, to rid thee of thy care;
 Two undertooke this morning, before day,
 To kill me in my bed. All this I knew,
 Your covenant scarce dismis'd, arm'd all my servants,
 Call'd both my brother, and friends, shut out our clients,
 You sent to visit me: whose names I told
 To some there, of good place, before they came.
 CATO. Yes, I, and *Quintus Catulus* can affirme it.
 CAES. Hee's lost, and gone. His spirits have forsooke him.
 CIC. If this be so, why, *Catiline*, dost thou stay?
 Goe, where thou meanst: The Ports are open: forth.
 The Campe abroad wants thee, their Chiefe, too long.
 Lead with thee all thy troupes out. Purge the Cittie.
 Draw dry that noysome, and pernicious sinke,
 Which left, behinde thee, would infect the world.
 Thou wilt free mee of all my feares at once,
 To see a wall betweene us. Dost thou stop
 To do that now, commanded: which before,
 Of thine owne choise th' art prone to? Goe. The Consul

CATILINE

Bids thee, an enemy, to depart the Citie.
 Whither, thou'lt aske? to exile? I not bid.
 Thee that, But aske my counsell, I perswade it.
 What is there, here, in *Rome*, that can delight thee?
 Were not a soule, without thy owne soule knot,
 But feares, and hates thee. What domesticke note
 Of private filthinesse, but is burnt in
 Into thy life? What close, and secret shame,
 But is growne one, with thy knowne infamy?
 What lust was ever absent from thine eyes?
 What lewd fact from thy hands? what wickednesse
 From thy whole body? wher's that youth drawne in
 Within the nets, or catch'd up with thy baytes,
 Before whose rage thou hast not borne a sword,
 And to whose lust thou hast not held a torch?
 Thy latter Nuptialls I let passe in silence;
 Where signes incredible, on signes, where heapt
 Which I not name, lest, in a civill State,
 So monstrous facts should either appeare to be,
 Or not to be reveng'd. Thy Fortunes too,
 I glance not at, which hang but cill next Ides,
 I come to that, which is more knowne, more publick,
 The life, and safety of us all by thee
 Threatned, and fought. Stood'st thou not in the field
 When *Lepidus*, and *Tullius* were our Consuls.
 Upon the day of choyse, arm'd and with forces,
 To take their lives, and our chiefe Citizens;
 When, not thy feare, nor conscience chang'd thy mind;
 But the meere fortune of the common-wealth
 Withstood thy active malice? Speake but right.
 How often hast thou made attempt on mee?
 How many of thy assaults have I declin'd
 With shifting but my body, (as we'ld say)
 Wrested thy dagger from thy hand, how oft?
 How often hath it fallen or slipt by chance?
 Yet, can thy side not want it: which, how vow'd,
 Or with what rites, 'tis sacred of thee, I know not
 That still thou make'st it a necessitie,
 To fix it in the bodie of a Consul.
 But let me loose this way, and speake to thee,
 Not as one mov'd with hatred, which I ought,

But

CATILINE

But pitty, of which none is owing thee.

CAT. No more then unto *Tantalus*, or *Tityus*.

CIC. Thou can'st ere while, into this Senate. Who

Of such a frequency, so many friends,

And kindred thou hast here saluted thee?

Were not the States made bare upon thy entrance?

Ris'd not the Consular men? and left their places,

So soone as thou sat'st downe? and fled thy side,

Like to a plague, or ruine; knowing how oft

They had beene, by thee mark'd out for the Shambles?

How dost thou beare this? Surely, if my Slaves

At home fear'd me, with halfe th'affright, and horror,

That here thy fellow Citizens doe thee,

I should soone quit my house, and thinke it need too.

Yet thou dar'st tarry here? Go forth at last:

Condemne thy selfe to flight, and solitude.

Discharge the Common-wealth of her deepe feare.

Goe into banishment, if thou wait'st the word.

Why do'st thou looke? They all consent unto it.

Do'st thou expect th'authority of their voyces,

Whose silent wills condemne thee? While they sit,

They approve it; while they suffer it, they decree it.

And while they are silent to it, they proclaime it.

Prove thou there honest, Ile endure the envy.

But there's no thought, thou shouldst be ever he,

Whom either shame should call from filchinesse,

Terror from danger, or discourse from fury.

Goe, I intreate thee: yet, why do I so?

When I already know, they are sent afore,

That tarry for thee in armes, and do expect thee

On the *Aurelian* way. I know the day

Set downe; twixt thee and *Manlius*; unto whom

The silver Eagle too is sent, before:

Which I doe hope shall prove, to thee as banefull,

As thou conceiv'st it to the Common-wealth.

But may this wise, and sacred Senate say,

What meanst thou *Marcus Tullius*? If thou know'st

That *Catiline* be look'd for, to be Chiefe

Of an intestine warre, that he's the Author

Of such a wickednesse: the Caller out

Of men of marke in mischief, to an action

CATILINE.

Of so much horror : Prince of such a treason :
Why do'st thou send him forth? why let him scape?
This is to give him liberty, and power:
Rather, thou should'st lay hold upon him, send him
To deserv'd death, and a just punishment.
To these so holy voyces, thus I answer.
If I did thinke it timely, Conscript Fathers,
To punish him with death, I would not give
The Fencer use of one short houre, to breath;
But when there are in this grave Order, some,
Who with soft censures, still doe nource his hopes :
Some, that with not beleiving, have confirm'd
His designs more, and whose authority
The weaker, as the worst men, too, have follow'd :
I would now send him, where they all should see
Cleare as the light, his heart shine, where no man
Could be so wickedly, or fondly stupide,
But should cry out he saw, touch'd, felt, and grasp't it.
Then, when he hath runne out himselfe, led forth
His desp'rate partie with him, blowne together
Aides of all kinds, both shipwrack'd minds and fortunes;
Not onely the growne evill, that now is sprung,
And sprouted forth, would be pluck'd up, and weeded;
But the stocke, roote and seed of all the mischiefs,
Choking the Common-wealth. Where should we take
Of such a swarme of traytors, onely him,
Our cares, and feares might seeme a while reliev'd,
But the maine petill would bide still enclos'd
Deepe in the veines, and bowels of the State.
As humane bodies, labouring with fevers,
While they are tost with heate, if they doe take
Cold water, seeme for that short space much eas'd,
But afterward, are ten times more affli'ed.
Wherefore I say, let all this wicked crew
Depart, divide themselves from good men, gather
Their forces to one head, as I said oft,
Let 'hem be sever'd from us with a wall:
Let 'hem leave off attempts, upon the Consul,
In his owne house, to circle in the Prætor:
To girt the Court with weapons, to prepare
Fire, and balles, swords, torches, sulphure, brands:

CATILINE.

In short, let it be writ in each mans forehead
 What thoughts he beares the Publike. I here promise,
 Fathers Conscript, to you, and to my selfe,
 That dilligence in us Consuls, for my honour &
 Colleague, abroad, and for my selfe at home;
 So great authority in you; so much
 Vertue in these, the Gentlemen of *Rome*,
 Whom I could scarce reſtraine to day, in zeale,
 From seeking out the Parricide to slaughter:
 So much content in all good men, and minds,
 As on the going out of this one *Catiline*,
 As shall be cleare, made plaine, oppress'd, reveng'd.
 And with this omen, goe pernicious plague,
 Out of the City, to the with'd destruction
 Of thee, and those, that to the ruine of her,
 Have tane that bloody, and blacke sacrament.
 Thou *Jupiter*, whom we doe call the *STAYE*
 Both of this City, and this Empire, wilt
 (with the same auspice thou didst raise it first)
 Drive from thy Altars, and all other Temples,
 And Buildings of this City; from our walles;
 Lives, states, and fortunes of our Citizens:
 This fiend, this fury, with his complices.
 And all the offence of good men (these knowne traitors
 Unto their countrey, thieves of *Italy*,
 Joyn'd in so damn'd a league of machiefe) thou
 Wilt with perpetuall plagues, alive, and dead,
 Punish for *Rome*, and save her innocent head.

+ CATI. If an Oration, or high language, Fathers,
 Could make me guilty, here is one, hath done it:
 Has strove to amulate this mornings thunder,
 With his prodigious Rhetoricke. But I hope,
 This Senate is more grave, then to give credit
 Rashly to all vomits, gainst a man
 Of your owne Order, a Patrician;
 And one, whose ancestors have more deserv'd
 Of *Rome*, then this mans eloquence could utter,
 Turn'd the best way, as full, it is the worst.
 CATO. His eloquence hath more deserv'd to day,
 Speaking thy ill, then all thy ancestors
 Did, in their good: And that the State will finde,

CATILINE.

Which he hath sav'd. CATI. How he & were that enemy
That he would make me: I'd not wish the State
More wretched, then to neede his preservation.

What doe you make him; *Cato*, such a *Hercules*?

An *Atlas*? A poore petty In-mate. CATO. Traitor.

CATI. He save the State? A *Burgesse* sonne of *Arpinum*.

The Gods would rather twentie *Romes* should perish, &

Then have that consumely sticke upon 'hem,

That he should share with them, in the preserving

A shed; or signe-post. CATO. Peace thou prodigie.

CATI. They would be runne themselves, againe, and lost

In the first, rude, and indigested heape;

Ere such a wretched name, as *Cicero*,

Should sound with theirs. CATV. Away thou impudent head.

CATI. Doe you all backe him? are you silent too?

Well, I will leave you Fathers; I will goe.

But—my fine dainty speaker---CIC. What now Fury?

Wilt thou assault me here? CNO. Helpe, aide the Consul.

CATI. See Fathers, laugh you not? who threatned him?

In vaine thou dost conceive, ambitious Orator,

Hope of so brave a death, as by this hand.

CATO. Out of the Court, with the pernicious Traitor.

CATI. There is no title, that this flattering Senate,

Nor honour, the base multitude can give thee,

Shall make thee worthy *Catilines* anger. CATO. Stop.

Stop that portentous mouth. CATI. Or, when it shall,

Ile looke thee dead. CATO. Will none restrain the Monster?

CATV. Parricide. QVI. Butcher, Traitor, leave the Senate.

CATI. I am gone to banishment, to please your Fathers.

Thrust head-log forth? CATO. Stil dost thou murmur, monster?

CATI. Since, I am thus put out, and made a---CIC. What?

CATV. Not guiltier then thou art. CATI. I will not burne

Without my funerall pile. CATO. What sayes the Fiend?

CATI. I wil have matter, timber. CATO. Sing out Scrich-owle.

CATI. It shall be in---CATV. Speake thy imperfect thoughts.

CATI. The common fire, rather then mine owne.

Forfall I will with all, ere fall alone.

CRA. H's lost, there is no hope of him. CAES. Unlesse

He presently rake armes; and give a blow,

Before the Consuls forces can be levied.

CIC. What is your pleasure, Fathers, shall be done?

CATILINE.

CATV. See, that the Common-wealth receive no losse,

CATO. Commit the care thereof unto the Consuls. (Senate.

CRA. Tis time. CAES. And need. CIC. Thanks to this frequent

But what decree they, unto *Curius*,

And *Fulvia*? CATV. What the Consul shall thinke meete.

CIC. They must receive reward, though't be not knowne:

Least when a State needes ministers, they ha' none.

CATO. Yet, *Marcus Tullius*, doe not I beleewe,

But *Crassus*, and this *Cesar* here ring hollow.

CIC. And would appeare so, if that we durst prove 'hem.

CATO. Why dare we not? What honest act is that,

The *Roman* Senate should not dare, and doe?

+ CIC. Not an unprofitable, dangerous act,

To stirre too many Serpents up at once.

Cesar, and *Crassus*, if they be ill men,

Are mighty ones; and we must so provide,

That while we take one head, from this foule *Hydra*,

There spring not twenty more. CATO. I prove your Counsell

CIC. They shall be watch'd, and look'd too. Till they doe

Declare themselves, I will not put 'nem out

By any question. There they stand. Ile make

My selfe no enemies, nor the State, no traytors.

CATILINE, LENTULVS, CETHEGVS, CV-

RIVS, GABINIUS, LONGINVS,

STATILIUS.

FAlse to our selves? All our designs discover'd

To this State-Cat? CET. I, had I had my way,

He had mew'd in flames, at home, not in the Senate:

I had sing'd his furies by this time. CAT. Well, there's now

No time of calling backe, or standing still.

Friends, be your selves, keepe the same *Roman* hearts,

And ready minds, you had yesternight:

Prepare to execute what we resolv'd. And let not

Labour, or danger, or discovery fright you.

Ile to the army: you (the while) mature

Things here at home. Draw to you any aides,

That you thinke fit, of men of all conditions,

Or any fortunes, that may helpe a warre.

Ile bleede a life, or winne an Empire for you.

Within these few dayes, looke to see my ensignes,

CATILINE.

Here, at the walles : Be you but firme within.
 Meane time, to draw an envy on the Consull,
 And give a lesse suspicion of our course,
 Let it be given out, here in the City,
 That I am gone an innocent man, to exile,
 Into *Massilia*, willing to give way
 To fortune, and the times ; being unable
 To stand so great a faction, without troubling
 The Common-wealth : whose peace I rather seeke,
 Then all the glory of contention,
 Or the support of mine owne innocence.
 Farewell the noble *Lentulus*, *Longinus*,
Curius, the rest ; and thou my better *Genius*,
 The brave *Cethegus* : when we meete againe,
 Wee'll sacrifice to Liberty. *CET.* And revenge.
 That we may praise our hands once. *LEN.* O you *Fates*
 Give *Fortune* now her eyes, to see with whom
 Shee goes along, that she may nere forsake him.
CVR. He needs not her, nor them. Goe but on, *Sergius*.
 " A valiant man is his owne Fate, and Fortune.
LEN. The Fate and fortune of us all goe with him.
GAB. STA. And ever guard him. *CAT.* I am all your Creature.
LEN. Now friends, 'tis left with us. I have already
 Dealt, by *Umbrenus*, with the *Allobroges*,
 Here residant in *Rome*, whose State I heare,
 Is discontent with the great usuries,
 They are oppress'd with : and have made complaints
 Divers, unto the Senate, but all vaine.
 These men, I haue thought, both for their owne oppressions
 As also that, by nature, they are a people
 Warlike, and fierce, still watching after change,
 And now, in present hatred with our State,
 The fittest, and the easiest to be drawne
 To our society, and to aide the warre.
 The rather, for their seate : being next borders
 On *Italy* : and that they abound with horse,
 Of which one want our Campe doth onely labour.
 And I have found 'hem comming. They will meete
 Soone at *Sempronia's* house, where I would pray you
 All to be presen't, to confirme 'hem more.
 The sight of such spirits hurt not, nor the store.

CATILINE.

GAB. I will not faile. STA. Nor I. CVR. Nor I. CBT. Would I
Had some what by my selfe, apart, to doe.
I ha' no *genius* to these many counsels.
Let me kill all the Senate, for my share,
Ile doe it at next sitting. LEN. Worthy *Caius*,
Your presence will adde much. CBT. I shall marre more.

CICERO. SANGA. ALLOBROGES.

THE State's beholden to you, *Fabius Sanga*,
For this great care: And those *Allobroges*
Are more then wretched, if they lend a listning
To such perswasion. SAN. They, most worthy Consul
As men employ'd here, from a griev'd State,
Groaning beneath a multitude of wrongs,
And being told, there was small hope of ease
To be expected, to their evils from hence,
Were willing, at the first to give an eare
To any thing that founded liberty:
But since, on better thoughts, and my urg'd reasons,
They are come about, and wonne, to the true side.
The fortune of the Common-wealth hath conquer'd.
CIC. What is that same *Vmbrenus*, was the Agent?
SAN. One that hath negotiation
In *Gallia* oft, and knowne unto their State.
CIC. Are the Ambassadors come with you? SEN. Yes.
CIC. Well, bring 'hem in, if they be firme, and honest,
Never had men the meanes so to deserve
Of *Rome*, as they. A happy, wish'd occasion,
And thrust into my hands, for the discovery,
And manifest conjunction of these traytors.
Be thank'd, O *Jupiter*. My worthy Lords,
Confederates of the Senate, you are welcome.
I understand by *Quintus Fabius Sanga*,
Your carefull Patron here, you have beene lately
Solicited against the Common-wealth,
By one *Vmbrenus* (take a seate, I pray you)
From *Publius Lentulus*, to be associates
In their intended warre. I could advise,
That men, whose fortunes are yet flourishing,
And are *Rome's* friends, would not, without a cause,
Become her enemies; and mixe themselves

CATILINE.

And their estates, with the lost hopes of *Catiline*,
 Or *Lentulus*, whose meere despaire doth arme em:
 That were to hazard certainties, for aire,
 And undergo all danger, for a voice.
 Belue me, friends. "Loud tumults are not layd
 "With halfe the easinesse, that they are rais'd:
 "All may begin a war, but few can end it.
 The Senate haue decreed, that my Colleague
 Shall lead their army, against *Catiline*,
 And haue declar'd both him, and *Manlius* traitors.
Metellus Celer hath already given
 Part of their troopes defeat. Honors are promis'd
 To all, will quit hem: and rewards propos'd.
 Even to slaues, that can detest their courtes.
 Here, in the Citty, I haue by the Prators,
 And Tribunes, plac'd my guards and watches so,
 That not a foot can tread, a breath can whisper,
 But I haue knowledge. And be sure, the Senate,
 And people of *Rome*, of their accustom'd greatnes,
 Will sharply, and severely vindicate,
 Not only any fact, but any practise
 Or purpose, gainst the State. Therefore, my Lords,
 Consult of your owne waies, and think which hand
 Is best to take. You, now, are present sutors
 For some redresse of wrongs: Ile undertake
 Not only that shall be assur'd you, but
 What grace or priuiledge else, Senate, or people
 Can call upon you, worthy such a service,
 As you haue now the way and meanes to do em:
 If but your wils consent, with my designs.
 ALO. We covet nothing more, most worthy Consul.
 And how so ere we haue bin tempted lately,
 To a defection, that not makes us guilty:
 We are not yet so wretched in our Fortunes,
 Nor in our wils so lost, as to abandon
 A friendship, prodigallity, of that price,
 As is the Senate, and the people of *Rome*,
 For hopes, that do precipitate themselves.
 CEC. You then are wise and honest. Do but this, then:
 When shall you speak with *Lentulus*, and the rest?
 ALO. We are to meet anone, at *Brutus* house.

CATILINE.

CIC. Who? *Decius Brutus*. He is not in *Rome*.
 SAN. O, but his wife *Sempronia*. CIC. You instruct me.
 She is a chiefe. Well, faile not you to meet em,
 And to expresse the best affection
 You can put on, to all that they intend.
 Like it, applaud it, giue the Common-wealth
 And Senate, lost to em. Promise any aides
 By armes or counsell. What they can desire
 I would haue you prevent. Only, say this,
 You haue had dispatch, in private, by the *Consul*
 Of your affaires, and for the many feares
 The State's now in, you are will'd by him, this evening
 To depart *Rome*: which you, by all sought means,
 Will do, of reason to decline suspition.
 Now, for the more authority of the businesse,
 They haue trusted to you, and to giue it credit
 With your owne State at home, you would desire
 Their letters to your Senate and your people,
 Which shewne, you durst ingage both life and honor.
 The rest should every way answer their hopes.
 Those had, pretend suddain departure.
 And, as you giue me notice, at what pore
 You will go out, Ile ha' you intercepted,
 And all the letters taken with you: So
 As you shall be redeem'd in all opinions,
 And they convicted of their manifest treason.
 "Ill deeds are well turn'd back, upon their Authors:
 "And 'gainst an Injurer, the revenge is just.
 This must be done, now. ALO. Cheerfully, and firmly.
 We are they, would rather haue to undertake it,
 Then stay, to say so. CIC. With that confidence, go:
 Make your selues happy, while you make *Rome* so.
 By *Sanga*, let me haue notice from you. ALO. Yes.

SEMPRONIA, LENTULVS, CETHEGVS, GABINIVS, STATILIVS,
 LONGINVS, VOLTVTIVS, ALLOBROGES.

When come these creatures, the Embassadors?
 I would faine see 'em. Are they any Schollers? (surely.
 LEN. I think not, Madam. SEM. Ha' they no Greek? LEN. No.
 SEM. Fie, what do I here, waiting on em then?

CATILINE

If they be nothing but meere States-men. **LEN.** Yes,
 Your Ladiship shall observe their gravity,
 And their reservednesse, their many cautions,
 Fitting their persons. **SEN.** I doe wonder much,
 That States and Common-wealths employ not women,
 To be Ambassadors, sometimes: we should
 Doe as good publike service, and could make
 As honourable Spies (for so *Thucydides*
 Call, all Ambassadors) Are they come *Cethegus*?
CET. Doe you aske me? Am I your scout, or baud?
LEN. O *Caius*, it is no such businesse. **CET.** No?
 What does a woman at it then? **SEN.** Good Sir,
 There are of us can be as exquisite Traitors,
 As ere a male-conspirator of you all.
CET. I, at smock-treason, Matron, I beleeeve you;
 And if I were your Husband: But when I
 Trust to your cobweb-bosomes any other
 Let me there die a Flie; and feast you, Spider.
LEN. You are too sowre, and harsh *Cethegus*. **CET.** You
 Are kinde, and courtly. I'd be torne in pieces,
 With wilde *Hippolytus*, nay prove the death,
 Every limbe over, ere I'd trust a woman.
 With winde, could I retaine it. **SEN.** Sir, they'll be trusted
 With as good secrets, yet, as you have any,
 And carry 'hem too, as close, and as conceald,
 As you shall for your heart. **CET.** Ile not contend with you
 Either in tongue, or carriage, good *Calisto*:
LEN. Th' Ambassadors are come. **CET.** Thanks to thee *Mercury*
 That so hast rescu'd me. **LEN.** How now *Volturtius*?
VOL. They doe desire some speech wih you, in private.
LEN. O 'tis about the prophecie belike,
 And promise of the *Sibylls*. **GAB.** It may be.
SEN. Shun they, to treat with me too? **GAB.** No, good Lady,
 You may partake: I have told 'hem, who you are.
SEN. I should be loath to be left out, and here too.
CET. Can these, or such, be any aides to us?
 Looke they, as they were built to shake the world,
 Or be a moment to our enterprise?
 A thousand such as they are, could not make
 One Atome of our soules. They should be men
 Worth Heavens feare, that looking up, but thus,

CATILINE.

Would make *Iove* stand upon his guard, and draw
Himselfe within his Thunder; which amaz'd,
He should discharge in vaine, and they unhurt.
Or if they were, like *Capaneus*, at *Thebes*,
They should hang dead, upon the highest spires,
And aske the second charge, to be throwne downe.
Why *Lentulus*, talke you so long? This time
Had beene enough, t' have scatter'd all the Starres,
To have quench'd the Sunne, and Moone, and made the World
Despaire of day, or any light, but ours.

LEN. How doe you like this spirit? In such men,
Mankind doth live. They are such soules as these,
That move the world. SEN. I, though he beare me hard,
I, yet must doe him right. He is a spirit
Of the right *Martian* breed. ALB. He is a *Mars*.

Would we had time to live here, and admire him.

LEN. Well, I doe see you would prevent the Consul.

And I commend your care: It was but reason,

To aske our Letters, and we had prepar'd them.

Goe in, and we will take an oath, and seale 'hem.

You shall have Letters too, to *Catiline*,

To visite him i' the way, and to confirme

The association. This our friend, *Volturtius*,

Shall goe along with you. Tell our great Generall,

That we are ready here; that *Lucius Bestia*,

The Tribune, is provided of a speech,

To lay the envie of the warre on *Cicero*;

That all but long for his approach, and person:

And then, you are made Freemen, as our selves.

CICERO, FLACCUS, PONTINUS,

SANGA.

I Cannot feare the warre but to succeed well,

Both for the honour of the cause, and worth

Of him that doth command. For my Colleague,

Being so ill affected with the goute,

Will not be able to be there in person;

And then *Petreius*, his Lieutenant, must

Of neede take charge o' the army: who is much

The better souldier, having beene a Tribune,

Prefect, Lieutenant, Prætor in the warre,

These

CATILINE.

These thirty yeares, so conversant in the army,
 As he knowes all the souldiers by their names.
 FLA. They'll fight then brauely, with him. Pom. I, and he
 Will lead 'hem on, as brauely. Cic. They haue a foe
 Will aske their braveries, whose necessities
 Will arme him like a fury. But, how euer,
 Ile trust it to the mannage, and the fortune
 Of good *Petrcius*, who's a worthy Patriot.
Metellus Celer, with three Legions, too,
 Will stop their course for *Gallia*. How now, *Fabius*?
 SAN. The traine hath taken. You must instantly
 Dispose your guard, vpon the *Miluiam* bridge:
 For, by that way, they meane to come. Cic. Then, thither
Pomtinus, and *Flaccus*, I must pray you
 To lead that force you haue, and seize them all:
 Let not a person scape. Th' Ambassadors
 Will yeeld themselves. If there be any tumult
 Ile send you aide. I, in meane time will call
Lentulus to me, *Gabinus*, and *Cethegus*,
Statilius, *Ceparius*, and all these
 By severall messengers: who no doubt will come,
 Without sense or suspicion. "Prodigall men
 "Feele not their owne stocke wasting. When I haue 'hem,
 Ile place those guards upon em, that they start not.
 SAN. But what'll you do with *Sempronia*? Cic. "A State
 "Should not rake knowledge either of Fooles or Women.
 I do not know whether my ioy or care
 Ought to be greater; that I haue discover'd
 So foule a treason: or must undergo
 The enuy of so many great mens fate.
 But, happen what there can, I will be iust,
 My fortune may forsake me, not my vertue:
 That shall go with me, and before me still,
 And glad me, doing well, though I heare ill.

PRETORS, ALLOBROGES, VOLTURTIVS.

FLA. Stand, who goes there? ALO. we are th' *Allobroges*,
 And friends of *Rome*. Pom. If you be so, then yeeld
 Your selues unto the Prators, who in name
 Of the whole Senate, and the people of *Rome*,
 Yet

CATILINE, ACT 1

Yet till you cleare your selves, charge you of practise vnder
Against the State. VOL. Doe friends, and be not taken.
FLA. What voice is that? Downe with hem all. And we yeeld.
POM. What's he stands out? Kill him there. VOL. Hold, hold,
I yeeld upon conditions. FLA. We give none (hold.
To traytors, strike him downe. VOL. My name's *Volturrius*.
I know *Pomtinus*. POM. But he knowes not you,
While you stand out upon these trayterous termes.
VOL. Ile yeeld upon the safety of my life.
POM. If it be forfeited, we cannot save it.
VOL. Promise to doe your best. I am not so guiltie,
As many others I can name, and will:
If you will grant me favour. POM. All we can
Is to deliver you to the Consul. Take him,
And thanke the Gods, that thus have saved *Rome*.

CHORVS.

Now doe our eares, before our eyes,
Like men in mists,
Discover, who'd the State surprise,
And who resists?
And as these clouds doe yeeld to light,
Now, doe we see,
Our thoughts of things, how they did fight,
Which seem'd to agree?
Of what strange pieces are we made,
Who nothing know;
But as new *Ayres* our eares invade,
Still censure so?
That now doe hope, and now doe feare,
And now envie;
And then doe hate, and then love deare,
But know not why:
Or, if we doe, it is so late,
As our best moode,
Though true, is then thought out of date,
And empty of good.
How have we chang'd, and come about
In every doome,
Since wicked *Catiline* went out,
And quitted *Rome*?
One while, we thought him innocent;

CATILINAE

And then wth accus'd *the Consul*
 The Consul for his malice spent,
 And power abus'd,
 Since, that we heare, he is in *Armes*,
 We thinke not so:
 Yet charge the Consul, with our harmes,
 That let him goe,
 So, in our censure of the State,
 We still doe wander,
 And make the carefull *Magistrate*
 The marke of slander.
 What age is this, where honest men,
 Plac'd at the helme,
 A Sea of some foule mouth,
 Shall overwhelme,
 And call their diligence, deceit,
 Their vertue, vice,
 Their watchfulnesse, but lying in white,
 And blood, the price.
 O, let us plucke this evil seede
 Out of our spirits,
 And give to every noble deede,
 The name it merits.
 Least we seeme false (if this endures)
 Into those times,
 To love disease: and brooke the cures
 Worse then the crimes.

ACT. V.

PETREVS. THE ARMY.

IT is my fortune, and my glory, Souldiers,
 This day, to leade you on: the worthy Consul
 Kept from the honour of it, by disease:
 And I am proud, to have so brave a cause
 To exercise your armes in. We not, now,
 Fight for how long, how broad, how great, and large
 Th' extent, and bounds o' th' people of *Rome* shall be:
 But to retaine what our great Ancestors,
 With all their labours, counsels, arts, and actions,
 For us, were purchasing so many yeares.

C. ATILINE

The quarrell is not now, of fame, of tribute,
 Or of wrongs, done unto Confederates,
 For which, the Army of the people of Rome
 Was wont to move: but for your owne Republique,
 For the rais'd Temples of th'immortall Gods,
 For all your Fortunes, Altars, and your Fires,
 For the deare soules of your lov'd Wives, and Children,
 Your Parents tombes, your Rites, Lawes, Liberty,
 And briefly for the safety of the world
 Against such men, as onely by their crimes
 Are knowne; thrust out by riot, want, or rashnesse.
 One sort, *Sylla's* old troopes, left here in *Fesule*,
 Who suddainly made rich, in those dire times,
 Are since, by their unbounded, vast expence,
 Growne needie, and poore, and have but left to expect,
 From *Catiline*, new Billes, and new Proscriptions.
 These men (they say) are valiant, yet I thinke them
 Not worth your pause: For either their old vertue
 Is in their sloth, and pleasures lost: or if
 It tarry with 'hem, so ill match to yours,
 As they are short in number, or in cause.
 The second sort are of those (Citty-beasts,
 Rather then Cittizens) who whilst they reach'd
 After our fortunes, have let sic their owne;
 These whelm'd in wine, swell'd up with meates, and weakned
 With hourelly whoredomes, never left the side
 Of *Catiline* in Rome: nor here are loos'd
 From his embraces: Such, as (trust me) never
 In riding, or in using well their armes,
 Watching, or other military labour,
 Did exercise their youth, but learn'd to love,
 Drinke, dance, and sing, make feasts, and be fine gamsters.
 And these will with more hurt to you, then they bring you.
 The rest are but a mixt kinde, of all sorts of furies,
 Adulterers, Dicers, Fencers, Outlawes, Theeves,
 The Murderers of their Parents, all the sinke,
 And plague of *Italy*, met in one torrent,
 To take, to day, from us the punishment
 Due to their mischiefes, for so many yeares.
 And who in such a cause, and gainst such fiends,
 Would not now with himselfe all arme, and weapon?

CATILINE.

To cut such poysons from the earth, and let
 Their blood out, to be drawne away in cloudes,
 And pour'd, on some inhabitable place,
 Where the hot Sunne, and Shire breeds naught but Monsters:
 Chiefly, when this sure joy shall crowne our side,
 That the least man, that fallles upon our party.
 This day (as some must give their happy names
 To fate, and that eternall memory
 Of the best death, writ with it, for their Countrey)
 Shall walke at pleasure, in the tents of rest:
 And see farre off, beneath him, all their host
 Tormented after life: and *Catiline*, there,
 Walking a wretched, and lesse Ghost, then he.
 Ile urge no more: Move forward, with your Eagles,
 And trust the Senates, and *Romes* cause to Heaven.
 ARM. To thee, great Father *Mars*, and greater *Iove*.

CAESAR. CRASSVS.

I Ever look'd for this of *Lentulus*.
 When *Catiline* was gone. CRA. I gave 'hem lost,
 Many daies since. CAES. But, wherefore did you beare
 Their letter to the Consull, that they sent to you,
 To wane you from the City? CRA. Did I know
 Whether he made it? it might come from him,
 For ought I could assure: if they meant,
 I should be safe, among so many, they might
 Haue come, as well as writ. CAES. There is no losse
 In being secure. I haue of late, too, ply'd him,
 Thicke, with intelligences, but they haue bin
 Of things he knew before. CRA. A little seruice
 To keep a man spright, on these State-bridges,
 Although the passage were more dangerous.
 Let vs now take the standing part. CAES. We must,
 And be as zealous for't, as *Cato*. Yet
 I would faine helpe these wretched men. CRA. You cannot,
 Who would save them, that haue betrayd themselves?

CICERO, QUINTVS, CATO.

I Will not be wrought to it, brother *Quintus*.
 There's no mans private enmity shall make
 Me violate the dignity of another.
 If there were prooffe gainst *Cesar*, or who ever,

CATILINE.

To speake him guilty, I would so declare him.
But *Quintus Catulus*, and *Piso* both,
Shall know, the Consull will not for their grudge,
Have any man accus'd, or named falsely.

QVI. Not falsely, but if any circumstance,
By the *Allobroges*, or from *Volturtius*, would cary it.

CIC. That shall not be sought by me,
If it reveale it selfe, I would not spare
You, brother, if it pointed at you, trust me.

CATO. Good *Marcus Tullius* (which is more,
Then great) thou hadst thy education, with the gods.

CIC. Send *Lentulus* forth, and bring away the rest.
This office, I am sorry, Sir, to do you.

THE SENATE.

W^Hat may be happy still, and fortunate,
To Rome, and to this Senate: Please you, Fathers,
To breake these Letters, and to view them round.

If that be not found in them, which I feare,
I, yet, in treat, at such a time, as this,
My diligence be not contemn'd. Ha you brought
The weapons hither, from *Cethegus* house?

PRE. They are without. CIC. Be ready, with *Volturtius*.
To bring him, when the Senate calls: and see
None of the rest, conferre together. Fathers,
What do you read? Is it yet worth your care,
If not your feare, what you find practis'd there?

CEAS. It hath a face of horror. CRA. I am amaz'd.
CAT. Look there. SYL. Gods! can such men draw common life?

CIC. Although the greatnesse of the mischief, Fathers,
Hath often made my faith small, in this Senate,
Yet, since my casting *Catiline* out (for now
I do not feare the enuy of the word,
Unlesse the deed be rather to be fear'd,
That he went hence alive; when those I meant
Should follow him, did not) I have spent both daies,
And nights in watching, what their fury and rage
Was bent on, that so straid, against my thought:
And that I might but take 'hem in that light,
Where, when you met their treason, with your eies,
Your minds, at length, would thinke for your owne safety.
And now, tis done. There are their hands and seales.

Their

CATILINE.

Their persons too, are safe, thanks to the Gods.
Bring in *Volturnus*, and the *Allobroges*.

These be the men, were trusted with their Letters.

VOL. Fathers, beleeye me, I knew nothing: I
Was travailing for *Gallia*, and am sorry—

CIC. Quake not *Volturnus*, speake the truth, and hope
Well of this Senate, on the Consuls word.

VOL. Then I knew all. But truely I was drawne in
But tother day. **CAES.** Say, what thou know'st, and feare not.

Thou hast the Senates faith, and Consuls word,
To fortifie thee. **VOL.** I was sent with Letters—

And had a message too—from *Lentulus*—
To *Catiline*—that he should use all aides—

Servants, or others—and come with his army,
Assoone, unto the Citty as he could—

For they were ready, and but staid for him—
To intercept those, that should flee the fire—

These men, the *Allobroges*, did heare it too.
ALO. Yes Fathers, and they tooke an oath, to us.

Besides their Letters, that we should be free;
And urg'd us, for some present aide of horse.

CIC. Nay, here be other testimonies, Fathers,
Cethegus Armoury. **CRA.** What, not all these?

CIC. Here's not the hundred part. Call in the Fencer,
That we may know the armes to all these weapons.

Come my brave Sword-player, to what active use,
Was all this Steele provided? **CET.** Had you ask'd

In *Syllas* dayes, it had beene to cut throates;
But now it was to looke on onely: I lov'd

To see good blades, and feele their edge, and points.
To puta helme upon a blocke, and cleave it,

And now and then, to stabbe an armour through.
CIC. Know you that paper? That will stabbe you through.

Is it your hand? Hold, save the peeces. Traytor,
Hath thy guilt wak'd thy fury? **CET.** I did write,

I know not what; nor care not: That Foole *Lentulus*
Did dictate, and I tother Foole, did signe it.

CIC. Bring in *Statilius*: Does he know his hand too?
And *Lentulus*. Reach him that letter. **STA.** I.

Confesse it all. **CIC.** Know you that seale yet, *Publius*?
LEN. Yes, it is mine. **CIC.** What, that renown'd good man,

CATILINE.

LEN. My Grandfathers. CIC. What, that renown'd good man,
That did so only embrace his Countrey, and lov'd
His fellow Cittizens! was not his picture,
Though mute, of power to call thee from a fact,
So foule—LEN. As what, impetuous *Cicero*?

CIC. As thou art, for I doe not know what's fouler.
Looke upon these. Doe not these faces argue
Thy guilt and impudence? LEN. What are these to me?

I know 'hem not. ALO. No *Publius*? we were with you,
At *Brutus* house. VOL. Last night. LEN. What did you there?
Who sent for you? ALO. Your selfe did. We had Letters

From you *Cethegus*, this *Statilius* here,
Gabinus *Cimber*, all, but from *Longinus*,
Who would not write, because he was to come

Shortly, in person, after us (he said)
To take the charge o' the horse, which we should levy.
CIC. And he is fled to *Catiline*, I heare.

LEN. Spies? spies? ALO. You told us too, o' the *Sibyls* bookes,
And how you were to be a King this yeare,
The twentieth, from the burning of the *Capitol*.

That three *Cornelii* were to reigne in *Rome*,
Of which you were the last: and prais'd *Cethegus*,
And the great spirits, were with you in the action.

CIC. These are your honorable Ambassadors,
My Sovereigne Lord. CAT. Peace, th' art too bold *Cethegus*,
ALO. Besides, *Gabinus*, your Agent, nam'd

Antronius, *Servius Sulla*, *Varganteius*,
And divers others. VOL. I had Letters from you,
To *Catiline*, and a message, which I have told

Unto the Senate, truly, word for word:
For which I hope, they will be gracious to me.
I was drawne in, by that same wicked *Cimber*,

And thought no hurt at all. CIC. *Volturnus*, peace.
Where is thy visor, or thy voyce, now *Lentulus*?
Art thou confounded? Wherefore speak'st thou not?

Is all so cleare, so plaine, so manifest,
That both thy eloquence, and impudence,
And thy ill nature too, have left thee at once?

Take him aside. There's yet one more. *Gabinus*,
The Engin-er of all. Shew him that paper,
Is he lookt on? CAT. I know nothing. CIC. No?

CATILINE.

GAB. No. Nor I will not know. CAT. Impudent head do not
 Sticke it into his throate; were I the Consul,
 I'd make thee eate the mischief thou hast vented.
 GAB. Is there a Law for't Cato? CAT. Dost thou aske
 After a Law, that would it have broke all lawes,
 Of Nature, Manhood, Conscience, and Religion?
 GAB. Yes, I may aske for't. CAT. No, pernicious *Clodius*,
 "Th' inquiring after good, does not belong
 "Unto a wicked person. GAB. I, but Cato
 Does nothing, but by Law. CAT. Take him aside.
 There's prooffe enough, though he confesse not. GAB. Stay
 I will confesse. All's true, your spies have told you.
 Make much of 'hem. CAT. Yes, and reward 'hem well,
 For feare you get no more such. See, they doe not
 Die in a ditch, and stinke, now you ha' done with 'hem;
 Or beg o' the bridges, here in *Rome*, whose Arches
 Their active industrie hath sav'd. CAT. See Fathers,
 What mindes, and spirits these are, that being convicted
 Of such a treason, and by such a cloud
 Of witnesses, dare yet retaine their boldnesse?
 What would their rage have done, if they had conquer'd?
 I thought, when I had thrust out *Catiline*,
 Neither the State, nor I, should neede t'have fear'd
Lentulus sleepe here, or *Longinus* fat,
 Or this *Cethegus* rashnesse: It was he,
 I only watch'd, while he was in our walles,
 As one that had the braine, the hand, the heart.
 But now we finde the contrary. Where was there
 A People griev'd, or a State discontent,
 Able to make, or helpe a warre 'gainst *Rome*,
 But these, th' *Allobroges*, and those they found?
 Whom had not the just Gods beene pleas'd to make
 More friends unto our safety, then their owne,
 As it then seem'd, neglecting these mens offers,
 Where had we beene? or where the Common-wealth?
 When their great Chiefe had beene call'd home: This man
 Their absolute King, (whose noble Grandfather,
 Arm'd in pursute of the seditious *Gracchus*,
 Tooke a brave wound, for deare defence of that,
 Which he would spoile) had gather'd all his aides
 Of Ruffins, Slaves, and other Slaughter-men;

CATILINE

The other ranke of Citizens, to *Gabinus*; *Lucius* I will
 The Citty to be fir'd by *Cassius*; *Publius* I will
 And *Italy*, nay the world, to be laid waste
 By curst *Catiline*, and his complices.
 Lay but the thought of it before you, Fathers,
 Thinke but with me you saw this glorious Citty,
 The Light of all the earth, Tower of all Nations,
 Sudainly falling in one flame. Imagine,
 You view'd your Countrey buried with the heapes
 Of slaughter'd Cittizens, that had no grave;
 This *Lentulus* here, reigning, (as he dreamt)
 And those his purple Senate; *Catiline* come
 With his fierce army; and the cries of Matrons,
 The flight of Children, and the rape of Virgins,
 Shriekes of the living, with the dying groanes
 On every side invade your sense; untill
 The blood of *Rome*, were mixed with their ashes.
 This was the Spectacle these fiends intended
 To please their malice. *Cæt.* I, and it would
 Have beene a brave one, Consul. But your part
 Had not then bin so long, as now it is:
 I should have quite defeated your Oration;
 And slit that fine rhetoricall pipe of yours,
 In the first Scene. *Cæt.* Insolent Monster! *Cic.* Fathers,
 Is it your pleasures, they shall be committed
 Unto some safe, but a free custodie,
 Untill the Senate can determine farder?
SEN. It pleaseth well. *Cic.* Then, *Marcus Crassus*,
 Take charge of *Gabinus*: send him home
 Unto your house. You *Caesar*, of *Statilius*,
Cethegus shall be sent to *Cornificius*;
 And *Lentulus*, to *Publius Lentulus Spinther*,
 Who now is *Ædile*. *Cæt.* It were best, the *Prætor*
 Carried 'hem to their houses, and delivered 'hem.
Cic. Let it be so. Take 'hem from hence. *Caes.* But
 Let *Lentulus* put off his *Prætorship*.
LEN. I doe resigne it here unto the Senate.
Caes. So, now there's no offence done to Religion.
Cæt. *Caesar*, 'twas piously, and timely urg'd.
Cic. What doe you decree to th' *Allobroges*?
 That were the lights to this discovery?

CATILINE.

CAES. And a reward, out of the publicke treasure.

CAT. I, and the title of honest men, to crowne them.

CIC. What to *Volturcius*? CAES. Life, and favour's well.

VOL. I aske no more. CAT. Yes, yes, some money, thou needst it.

+ TWILL kepe thee honest: Want made thee a knave.

SYL. Let *Flaccus*, and *Pomptinus*, the Prætors,

Have publicke thanks, and *Quintus Fabius Sanga*,

For their good service. CRA. They deserve it all.

CAT. But what doe we decree unto the Consul,

Whose vertue, counsell, watchfulnesse, and wisdom,

Hath freed the Common-wealth, and without tumult,

Slaughter, or blood, or scarce raising a force,

Rescu'd us all out of the jaws of Fate?

CRA. We owe our lives unto him, and our fortunes.

CAES. Our Wives, our Children, Parents, and our Gods.

SYL. We all are sav'd by his fortitude.

CAT. The Common-wealth owes him a civill gyrland.

He is the onely Father of the Countrey.

CAES. Let there be publicke prayer, to all the Gods,

Made in that name for him. CRA. And in these words, *For that*

By his vigilance preserv'd Rome from the flame, the Senate

From the sword, and all her Citizens from massacre.

CIC. How are my labours more then paid, grave Fathers,

In these great titles, and decreed honours?

Such as to me, first, of the civill Robe,

Of any man, since *Rome was Rome*, have hapned;

And from this frequent Senate: which more glads me,

That I now see, you have sense of your owne safety.

If those good dayes come no lesse gratefull to us,

Wherein we are preserv'd from some great danger,

Then those wherein w're borne, and brought to light,

Because that gladnesse of our safety is certaine,

But the condition of our birth not so.

And that we are sav'd with pleasure, but are borne,

Without the sense of joy: why should not then,

This day to us, and all posterity

Of ours, be had in equall fame, and honour.

With that, when *Romulus* first reard these walles,

When so much more is saved, then he built?

CAES. It ought. CRA. Let it be added to our *Fasts*.

CIC. What tumult's that? FLA. Here's one *Tarquinius* taken,

Going;

CATILINE.

Going to *Catiline*; and sayes he was sent
By *Marcus Crassus*: whom he names, to be
Guiltie of the conspiracie. *Cic.* Some lying varlet.
Take him away, to prison. *CRA.* Bring him in,
And let me see him. *Cic.* He is not worth it, *Crassus*.
Keep him up close, and hungry, till he tell,
By whose pernicious counsell, he durst slander
So great, and good a Citizen. *CRA.* By yours
I feare, twill proue. *Syl.* Some o' the Traitors, sure,
To giue their action the more credit, bid him
Name you, or any man. *Cic.* I know my selfe,
By all the tracts, and courses of this businesse,
Crassus is noble, iust, and loues his Countie.
FLA. Here is a Libell too, accusing *Caesar*,
From *Lucius Vellius*, and confirm'd by *Curius*.
Cic. Away with all, throw it out o' the Court.

CAES. A tricke on me, too? *Cic.* It is some mens malice.
I said to *Curius*, I did not beleue him.
CAES. Was not that *Curius* your spie, that had
Reward decreed unto him, the last Senate,
With *Fulvia*, upon your private motion?
Cic. Yes. *CAES.* But he has not that reward, yet. *Cic.* No.
Let not this trouble you *Caesar*, none beleues it.
CAES. It shall not, if that he haue no reward;
But if he haue, sure I shall shinke my selfe
Very vntimely, and unsafely honest.
Where such, as he is, may haue payt acc' to him.
Cic. You shall haue now wrong done you, noble *Caesar*;
But all contentment. *CAES.* Goodnight, I am faine.

CATILINE.

I Never yet knew, Soldiers, that, in fight,
Words added vertue unto valiant men;
Or, that a Generals Oration made
An Army fall, or stand: But how much prouesse
Habitual, or naturall each mans breast
Was owner of, so much in act it shew'd.
"Whom neither glory or danger can excite
"Tis vaine attempt with speech: for the minds feare
"Keeps all braue soules from entering at that eare.
I, yet, would warn you some few things, my friends,
And giue you reason of my present counsailes.

You

CATILINE.

You know, no lesse then I, what state, what point
 Our affaires stand in; And you have heard,
 Whata calamitous misery the sloth,
 And sleepe of *Lentulus*, hath pluck'd
 Both on himselfe, and us: How, whilst our aides
 There, in the *Cittie* look'd for, are defeated,
 Our entrance in *Gallia*, too, is stop't.
 Two Armies waite us. One from *Rome*, the other
 From the *Gaulle-Provinces*. And, where we are,
 (Although I most desire it) the great want
 Of corne, and victuall, forbids longer stay,
 So that, of neede, we must remove, but whither
 The sword must both direct, and cut the passage.
 I only, therefore wish you, when you strike,
 To haue your valours, and your soules, about you;
 And thinke, you carry in your labouring hands
 The things you seeke, glory, and liberty,
 Your Country, which you want now, with the *Fates*,
 That are to be instructed, by our swords.
 If we can giue the blow, all will be safe to us.
 We shall not want provision, nor supplies.
 The Colonies, and free Townes will lie open.
 Where if we yeeld to feare, expect no place,
 Nor friend, to shelter those, whom their owne Fortune,
 And ill us'd Armes have left without protection.
 You might have liv'd in servitude, or exile,
 Or safe at *Rome*, depending on the great ones;
 But that you thought those things unfit for men.
 And, in that thought, you then were valiant.
 For no man ever yet chang'd peace for warre
 But he, that meant to conquer. Hold that purpose.
 There is more necessitie, you should be such,
 In fighting for your selues, then they for others.
 "Hee's base, that trusts his feete, whose hands are arm'd.
 Me thinks, I see *Death*, and the *Furies*, waiting
 What we will doe; and all the Heaven at leisure
 For the great Spectacle. Draw, then, your swords:
 And, if your destiny enuy our vertue
 The honor of the day, yet let us care
 + To sell our selues, at such a price, as may
 Undoe the world to buy us; and make Fate,

CATILINE.

While she tempts ours, feare her owne estate.

THE SENATE.

EN. What meanes this hasty calling of the Senate?

SEN. We shal know straight. Wait, til the Consul speaks.

POM. Fathers Conscript, bethinke you of your safeties,

And what to doe, with these Conspirators;

Some of their Clients, their Free'd men, and Slaves

'Ginne to make head: There is one of *Lentulus* Bauds

Runs up and downe the shops, through every street,

With money to corrupt, the poore artificers,

And needie tradesmen, to their aide. *Cethegus*,

Hath sent too, to his servants, who are many,

Chosen, and exercis'd in bold attemptings,

That forthwith they should arme themselves, and prove

His rescue: All will be in instant uproare,

If you prevent it not, with present counsailes.

We have done what we can, to meete the furie,

And will doe more. Be you good to your selves.

CIC. What is your pleasure Fathers, shall be done?

Syllanus, you are Consul next design'd.

Your sentence of these men. SYL. Tis short, and this.

Since they have fought to blot the name of *Rome*,

Out of the world; and raze this glorious Empire

With her owne hands, and armes, turn'd on her selfe:

I thinke it fit they die. And could my breath

Now execute 'hem, they should not enjoy

An article of time, or eye of light,

Longer, to poyson this our common aire.

SEM. I thinke so too. SEN. And I. SEN. And I. SEN. And I.

CIC. Your sentence, *Cains Caesar*. CAES. Conscript Fathers,

In great affaires, and doubtfull, it behooves

Men, that are ask'd their sentence, to be free

From either hate, or love, anger, or pittie:

For where the least of these doe hinder, there

The minde not easily discernes the truth.

I speake this to you, in the name of *Rome*,

For whom you stand; and to the present cause:

That this foule fact of *Lentulus*, and the rest,

Weigh not more with you, then your dignity;

And you be more indulgent to your passion,

Then to your honour. If there could be found

CATILINE.

A paine, or punishment, equall to their crimes,
I would devise, and helpe : But if the greatnesse
Of what they ha' done, exceede all mans invention,
I thinke it fit to stay, where our lawes doe.
Poore petty States may alter upon linmour,
Where, if they offend with anger, few doe know it,
Because they are obscure ; their Fame, and Fortune
Is equall, and the same : But they, that are
Head of the world, and live in that scene height,
All Mankinde knowes their actions. So we see
The greater fortune hath the lesser licence,
They must not favour, hate, and least be angry :
For what with others is call'd anger, there,
Is cruelty and pride. I know *Syllanus*,
Who spoke before me, a just, valiant Man,
A lover of the State, and one that would not,
In such a businesse, use or grace, or hatred ;
I know too well his manners, and his modesty :
Nor doe I thinke his sentence cruell (for
Gainst such delinquents, what can be too bloody ?
But that it is abhorring from our state ;
Since to a Citizen of *Rome*, offending,
Our Lawes give exile, and not death. Why then
Decrees he that ? Twere vaine to thinke, for feare :
When by the diligence of so worthy a Consul,
All is made safe, and certaine. Is't for punishment ?
+ Why Death's the end of evils, and a rest,
Rather then torment : It dissolves all griefes.
And beyond that, is neither care, nor joy.
You heare, my sentence would not have 'hem die.
How then ? set free, and increase *Catilines* Army ?
So will they being but banish'd. No, grave Fathers,
I judge 'hem, first, to have their states confiscate,
Then, that their persons remaine prisoners
I'the free townes, farre off from *Rome*, and sever'd :
Where they might neither have relation,
Hereafter to the Senate, or the People.
Or if they had, those townes, then to be mulcted,
As enemies to the State, that had their guard.
SEN. Tis good and honorable, *Caesar* hath accord.
CIC. Father, I see your faces, and your eyes,

CATILINE.

All bent on me, to note of these two censures
 Which I incline to. Eyther of them are grave,
 And answering the dignity of the speakers,
 The greatnesse of th'affaire, and both seuer.
 One urgeth death: And he may well remember
 This State hath punish'd wicked Citizens so.
 The other bonds: and those perpetuall, which
 He thinks found out for the more singular plague.
 Decree which you shall please. You have a Consul
 Not readier to obey, then to defend
 What ever you shall act, for the Republique;
 And meete with willing shoulders any burden,
 Or any fortune, with an even face,
 Though it were death: which to a valiant man
 Can never happen foule, nor to a Consul
 Be immature, or to a wise man wretched.
 SYL. Fathers, I speake, but as I thought: the needes
 O' th' Common-wealth requird. CAT. Excuse it not.
 CIC. Cato, speake you your sentence. CAT. This it is.
 You here dispute, on kinds of punishment,
 And stand consulting, what you should decree
 'Gainst those, of whom, you rather should beware.
 This mischiefe is not like those common facts,
 Which, when they are done, the lawes may prosecute.
 But this, if you provide not, ere it happen,
 When it is happen'd, will not waite your judgement.
 Good *Caius Cesar*, here, hath very well
 And subtrill discours'd of life, and death,
 As if he thought those things, a pretie fable,
 That are deliver'd us of Hell, and Furies,
 Or of the divers way, that ill men goe
 From good, to filthy darke, and ougly places.
 And therefore he would have these live, and long too.
 But farre from *Rome*, and in the small free Townes,
 Lest here they might have rescue: As if men,
 Fit for such acts, were only in the City,
 And not through out all *Italy*? or that boldnesse
 Could not doe more, where it found least resistance?
 Tis a vaine counsaile, if he thinke them dangerous.
 Which if he doe not, but that he alone
 In so great feare of all men, stand unfrighted,

CATILINE.

He gives me cause, and you, more to feare him.
 I am plaine, Fathers. Here you looke about,
 One at another, doubting what to doe;
 With faces, as you trust'd to the Gods,
 That still have sav'd you: and they can do't: But.
 They are not wishings, or base womanish prayers
 Can draw their aides; but vigilance, counsell, action:
 Which they will be ashamed to forsake.
 Tis sloth they hate, and cowardise. Here you have
 The Traytors in your houses, yet you stand
 Fearing what to doe with 'hem: Let them loose,
 And send them hence with armes too; that your mercy
 May turne your misery, as soone as't can,
 O, but they are great men, and have offended
 But through ambition. We would spare their honour:
 I, if themselves had spar'd it, or their fame,
 Or modesty, or eyther God, or Man:
 Then I would spare 'hem. But as things now stand,
 Fathers, to spare these men, were to commit
 A greater wickednesse, then you would revenge.
 If there had bin but time, and place for you,
 To have repair'd this fault, you should have made it;
 It should have beene your punishment, to have felt
 Your tardie error: But necessity,
 * Now bids me say, let them not live an houre,
 If you meane *Rome* should live a day. I have done.
 SEN. *Cato* hath spoken like an Oracle.
 CRA. Let it be so decreed. SEN. We all were fearefull.
 SYL. And had bin base, had not this vertue rais'd us.
 SEN. Go forth most worthy Consul, wee'll assist you.
 CAES. I am not yet chang'd in my sentence, Fathers.
 CAT. No matter. What be those? SER. Letters for *Cesar*.
 CAT. From whom? let 'hem be read in the open Senate:
 Fathers, they come from the Conspirators.
 I crave to have 'hem read, for the Republique.
 CAES. *Cato*, reade you it. Tis a Love-letter,
 From your deare sister, to me: though you hate me.
 Doe not discover it. CAT. Hold thee drunkard. Consul.
 Goe forth, and confidently. CAES. You'll repent
 This rashnesse, *Cicero*. PRAE. *Cesar* shall repent it.
 CIC. No violence, *Cesar* be safe. Leade on:

CATILINE.

Where are the publique Executioners?
 Bid them waite on us. On to *Spinthers* house.
 Bring *Lentulus* forth. Here, you, the sad revengers
 Of capitall crimes, against the Publicke, take
 This man unto your justice: strangle him.

† LEN. Thou dost well, Consul. Twas a cast at dice
 In *Fortunes* hand; not long since, that thy selfe
 Should' it have heard these, or other word as fatall.

CIC. Leade on to *Quintus Cornificius* house;
 Bring forth *Cethegus*. Take him to the due
 Death that he hath deseru'd: and let it be

Said, He was once. CER. A beast, or, what is worse,
 A slave, *Cethegus*. Let that be the name
 For all that's base hereafter: That would let
 This worme pronounce on him; and not have trampled
 His body into—Ha! Art thou not mov'd?

† CIC. "Justice is neuer angry: Take him hence.

CER. O the whore *Fortune!* and her bauds the *Fates!*
 That put these tricks on men, which knew the way
 To death by a sword. Strangle me I may sleepe:
 I shall grow angry with the Gods, else. CIC. Leade
 To *Caius Casars*, for *Statilius*.

Bring him, and rude *Gabinus* out. Here, take 'hem
 To your cold hands, and let 'hem feele death from you:

GAB. I thanke you, you do me a pleasure. STA. And me too.

CAT. So *Marcus Tullius*, thou maist now stand up,
 And call it happy *Rome*, thou being Consul.

Great Parent of the Countrie, goe, and let
 The Old men of the City, ere they die.

Kisse thee; the Matrons dwell about thy neck;

The Youths, and Maids lay up, gainst they are old

What kind of men thou wert, to tell their Nephewes,
 When, such a yeare, they reade, within our *Fasts*,

Thy Consulship. Who's this? *Petreius*? CIC. Welcoe,

Welcome renowned Souldier. What's the newes?

This face can bring no ill with't, unto *Rome*.

How do's the worthy Consul, my Colleague?

PET. As well as victory can make him, Sir.

He greets the Fathers, and to me hath trusted

The sad relation of the Civill strife,

CATILINE.

For in such warre, the conquest still is blacke.

CIC. Shall we withdraw into the house of *Concord*?

CAT. No, happy Consul, here let all care take
The benefit of this tale. If he had voice,
To spread unto the Poles, and stricke it through
The Center, to the *Antipodes*; it would aske it.

PET. The streights and needes of *Catiline* being such,
As he must fight, with one of the two Armies,
That then had neare enclos'd him: It pleas'd *Fate*,
To make us th' object of his desperate choise,
Wherein the danger almost paiz'd the honour:
And as he ris'd, the day grew blacke with him;
And *Fate* descended nearer to the earth,
As if she meant to hide the name of things
Under her wings, and make the world her quarry.

At this we rouz'd, least one small minutes stay
Had left it to be enquir'd, what *Rome* was.

And (as we ought) arm'd in the confidence
Of our great cause, in forme of battaile, stood.
Whilst *Catiline* came on, not with the face
Of any man, but of a publique ruine:

His count'nance was a civill warre it selfe.
And all his host had standing in their looks
The palenesse of the death, that was to come.
Yet cryed they out like Vultures, and urg'd on,
As if they would precipitate our fates.

Nor staid we longer for 'hem: But himselve
Strooke the first stroke: And with it fled a life.

Which cut, it seem'd a narrow necke of land
Had broke betweene two mighty Seas; and either
Flow'd into other; for so did the slaughter:

And whirl'd about, as when two violent Tides
Meete, and not yeeld. The *Furies* stood, on hills
Circling the place, and trembled to see men

Doe more then they: whilst Piety left the field,
Griev'd for that side, that in so bad a cause,

They knew not, what a crime their valour was.

The Sunne stood still, and was behinde the cloud

The battaile made, scene sweating, to drive up

His frighted horse, whom still the noise drove backward.

And now had fierce *Eryx*, like a flame.

CATILINE.

Consum'd all it could reach, and then it selfe;
 Had not the fortune of the Common-wealth
 Come *Pallas*-like, to every *Roman* thought.
 Which *Catiline* seeing, and that now his Troopes
 Cover'd that earth, they had fought on, with their trunks,
 Ambitious of great fame, to crowne his ill,
 Collected all his fury, and ranne in
 (Arm'd with a glory, high as his despaire)
 Into our battell, like a *Lybian* Lion,
 Upon his hunters, scornfull of our weapons,
 Carelesse of wounds, plucking downe lives about him,
 Till he had circled in himselfe with death:
 Then fell he too, to embrace it where it lay.
 And as in that rebellion 'gainst the Gods,
Minerva holding forth *Medusa's* head,
 One of the Gyant Brethren felt himselfe
 Grow Marble at the killing fight, and now,
 Almost made stone, began to inquire, what flint,
 What rocke it was, that crept through all his limbes,
 And ere he could thinke more, was that he fear'd;
 So *Catiline*, at the sight of *Rome* in us,
 Became his Tombe: yet did his looke retaine
 Some of his fiercenesse, and his hands still mov'd,
 As if he labour'd, yet to graspe the State,
 With those rebellious parts. CAT. A brave bad death.
 Had this bin honest now, and for his Countrey,
 As 'twas against it, who had ere fallen greater?
 CIRC. Honour'd *Petrus*, *Rome*, not I must thanke you.
 How modestly has he spoken of him selfe?
 CAT. He did the more. CIRC. Thanks to the immortall Gods,
Romans, I now am paid for all my labours.
 My watchings, and my dangers. Here conclude
 Your praises, triumphes, honours, and rewards
 Decreed to me: only the memory
 Of this glad day, if I may know it live
 Within your thoughts, shall much affect my conscience,
 Which I must alwayes studie before fame.
 "Though both be good, the latter yet is worst,
 "And ever is ill got, without the first.

FINIS.

